

THE SCOURGE.

JANUARY 1, 1811.

JOHN KING.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis. Probitas laudatur et alget.

JUVENAL.

THE father of our hero was a Turkish Jew, who having dissipated part of his property in convivial extravagance, and squandered the rest in ill concerted speculations, was condemned for the last few years of his life, to earn a miserable subsistence by travelling the country from Monday till Friday as a pedlar, and picking up a few halfpence on a Sunday by vending rattans to the fashionable visitors of the Dog and Duck. His son John was sent at an early age to the Jewish charity-school on Tower Hill; but the discipline of that seminary not being exactly adapted to the volatility of his disposition, he had scarcely been flogged into an imperfect acquaintance with his Reading made Easy before he contrived to escape from his confinement, and took refuge in the service of an itinerant shoe-black. From this situation he was soon advanced to that of pot-boy at an ale-house in St. Mary Axe. After a probation of three or four months, he was so fortunate as to attract the notice of a Mr. S. who finding him a useful instru-

ment of amatory correspondence with a servant girl in the neighbourhood, at once rewarded his past, and secured his future services, by introducing him to the employment of his next-door neighbour, an attorney, in the capacity of errand boy. The legibility of his hand-writing recommended him from the kitchen to the office, and, to use the words of an equally celebrated, and not less successful adventurer, "the next week saw him perched on a great high stool, in an obscure garret in Cateaton Street, endeavouring to decypher the pothooks and hangers of his employer."

From this period till his establishment as an attorney in the parish of St. Ann's, Soho, we find no traces of his history. During the first two years of his residence in that part of the town, he supported an appearance of respectability. It was observed, however, by his neighbours that by some artifice or other, he was always able to evade the payment of taxes, tythes, and poor-rates. It is true that on these occasions the expense of litigation was greater than the demand that he resisted; but disputes of this kind were congenial to the restless perverseness of his temper; they flattered his self-confidence, and gratified his passion for intrigue. Had he been contented indeed with the honest but accumulating emoluments of professional industry, he might have acquired affluence while he was learning to enjoy it. But notwithstanding the insatiable rapacity of his avarice he feels no pleasure in the acquisition of wealth by the honourable employment of his time and talents; and a wide field was now opened for the display of his abilities. In the course of his professional engagements he formed an acquaintance with a Miss Lara; she was first the dupe of his cunning, and afterwards the victim of his cruelty. As long as the friendship of her family was of any importance to the establishment of his plans he was a model of conjugal affection and fidelity; but no sooner did he discover that the restraints of domestic life might interrupt his pursuits, and that he had no further advantages

to expect by prolonging the connection, than he began to treat her with the most brutal inhumanity, and had she not fled for refuge to the habitation of her father, both she, and the infant with whom she was pregnant, might have fallen an untimely sacrifice to manual violence.

To the family of this unfortunate woman he has been indebted for whatever wealth he may have enjoyed, and for that notoriety which has introduced him to the pages of the SCOURGE. At the period of his marriage he was entirely unacquainted with the fashionable world; his highest aim had extended no farther than to defraud the tax gatherer, or, as he elegantly expressed it, to "bamboozle a bumbailiff."

But among the visitors of his father-in-law there were many dissipated noblemen and ruined gamblers; with them he contracted an intimacy that was of considerable service in the furtherance of his future plans, and enabled him to give those extraordinary proofs of his cunning and his disinterestedness which we shall have occasion to adduce in the progress of our narrative.

While his plans of extended plunder, however, were ripening to maturity, he was not ashamed to participate in the humble acquisitions of a common pick-pocket. His alliance with Solomon De Costa was of equal advantage to the receiver and the thief. Whatever articles of value could not be disposed of by the latter were committed to the former, who received one half of the nominal product for his negotiation. But only a few months had elapsed before both parties were dissatisfied. De Costa discovered that the accuracy of King's accounts was more than problematical, and King complained that De Costa did not surrender the cash as well as the trinkets. They therefore parted—Solomon to find another agent of more honesty, and as much dexterity; and King to pursue those schemes of comprehensive fraud which he had conceived with so much ingenuity, and established with such commendable perseverance.

The instructions of Lady Lanesborough, and the society of his noble and fashionable dupes, have communicated a polish to his address, of which at the period of his first establishment, 1782, he was totally destitute. At his outset in the profession of a money lender, it is certain that none of his success could be ascribed to the fascination of his manners. Either fawningly obsequious, or superciliously repulsive, he disgusted those whom it was his interest to please, by his servility, and offended his dependants and inferiors by his arrogance. His modes of personal approach were only calculated to ensnare the unsuspecting credulity of youthful ignorance, or the impetuosity of over-heated self-assurance. But if he was deficient in the softer arts of insinuation, he was not wanting in boldness or ingenuity ; and in the selection of his companions, and his instruments he was equally skilful and fortunate. It is no mean proof of his discernment that his first efforts were directed to the engagement of Mr. Garrow, who was at that time an unfledged orator at the Westminster Forum, as his legal adviser, and *professional* confidant. It is almost needless to add that on this occasion, his labours were fruitless : with a Mr. Robinson, however, of Gray's-Inn, and Priddle, the Old Bailey solicitor, he was more successful. As general agent in the collection of news, the manufacture of paragraphs, the negociation of bills, &c. &c. he employed a person of the name of Freeman, who having resigned a comfortable situation in the Custom-House, to become the chief clerk of a banking or agency office, in which King was the director, and having been scouted from all respectable society, in consequence of the share of infamy which attached to him, from the peculiar circumstances that attended the failure of the concern, was reduced to absolute dependence on the will of his employer. Our hero's connection with the rival swindlers of the time, with fraudulent bankrupts, liberated felons, servants out

of place, and bailiff's followers, was not less extensive at this period than at present; while, as his arts were less notorious, his influence was more absolute.

His friend Mr. Robinson, to whom he suggested the necessity of a respectable appearance to the successful execution of his plan, vacated his chambers in his favour; and he lost no time in issuing the following advertisement.

“A CONVEYANCER, whose ample fortune, and extensive connections enable him to supply sums to any amount on the shortest notice; being actuated by the purest sentiments of disinterested philanthropy, *hath* resolved to devote a large portion of his time, his influence, and his wealth, to the relief of distress, the alleviation of misfortune, and the liberal cherishment of genius, learning, and industry.

“To effectuate this benevolent design, he will attend personally on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from twelve to three at his chambers, No. 2, Gray's-Inn square, where applications on any kind or degree of pecuniary embarrassment will be respectfully received: and he has the heartfelt satisfaction to announce that his undertaking is so powerfully patronized and supported, as to make it extremely improbable that any case can arise in which a reliance on his services will fail of its intended effect.”

It might have been supposed that an advertisement of this kind, proceeding from a conveyancer, dated from Gray's-Inn, and containing such fulsome professions of philanthropy, would have failed of any effect even on the feelings of a sentimental girl of fourteen; but the result of the experiment was not discreditable to our philanthropist's knowledge of mankind. A Mr. CREAGH was the first victim of his rapacity. This gentleman was in want of three hundred pounds for six months. The conveyancer informed him that his bills for that period of time would not be negociable; but that he might, in addition to bills at three months, deposit in his (King's) hands an acceptance at seven months, which would be substituted for the former when it became due, at which time it would have only four months to run. With this

advice Mr. CREAGH complied: for the loan of three hundred pounds he deposited in King's hands two bills for three hundred and eighty pounds each, one at three, and the other at seven months. Only forty guineas of the three hundred promised could ever be procured, either by menace or persuasion, and the payment of both the bills was enforced as soon as they became due.

This transaction, and some others of a similar description, having come to the knowledge of the society, they ordered his immediate removal from Mr. Robinson's chambers, and commanded him to desist from assuming the title of a conveyancer, at the peril of a more public exposure. A namesake of his late agent, a Mr. John Freeman, who had been a few weeks before a petty-fogging attorney at an obscure village in Worcestershire, and who had furnished a tolerable house in Cleaveland-court, with the spoils of his country neighbours, with which he had suddenly disappeared, afforded him an asylum. From this place Mr. *Osborne* issued his offers of assistance to PERSONS OF RANK only, *without any demand of pecuniary compensation*. The only use of this advertisement was to obtain intelligence. While the person whose name they thus procured was detained in pretended negotiation, a note to the following purport, already written, with the exception of the address, was sent by a special messenger to his house, so that when he returned he might have no suspicion that the advertising applicants were the same with the epistolary.

“ I am this moment informed through the medium of a gentleman in your confidence, that you are anxious to raise the sum of £

, without the trouble of a tedious negotiation; and without being subjected to the unpleasant formalities of legal precision. It gives me great pleasure to intimate that the amount required may be furnished you through the medium of my banker, on no other security than your note. I shall do myself the honour of waiting upon you at an early hour in the morning, and hope then to have an opportunity of testifying with how much respect I am,

Your most obedient humble servant.”

Of this plan the Earl of Sandwich, better known to his contemporaries by the name of Jemmy Twitcher, Bedford Rigby, and the Secretary at War, Sir George Young, were the principal dupes. The two former submitted to their loss in silent acquiescence, but Sir George thought proper to give notice through the medium of an advertisement, that as the bills were fraudulently obtained they would not be honored; and though this intimation did not secure the secretary from liability to discharge them, it taught Mr. *Osborne* the necessity of adopting some other mode of depredation.

An accompt therefore was opened with Messrs. H——y and Co. in the name of Glover, a carpenter of Henly Harden in Warwickshire, who was equipped and attended as a man of fortune. Another accompt was opened with Messrs. P——s and Co. in the name of Joshua Albut, a taylor of Alnwick in Worcestershire, who was likewise fitted out as a gentleman. The sums which composed these accounts, amounting to upwards of eleven hundred pounds, were kept in perpetual fluctuation between the two houses. If Glover's accompt with P——s and Co. was low, that of Albut's with H——y, was proportionably high. Frequent transfers of cash likewise, were made, preparatory to the *grand coup*, from one house to the other, by mutually paying in checques during the settling hours, which according to the practice of that time, (*mirabile dictu*!) were immediately carried to their cash accompts. The regular payment of these checques for several weeks, created a sort of delusive credit, by which the clerks were thrown off their guard, and their masters eventually defrauded.

Glover and Albut surrendered their pecuniary charge, by giving drafts to King, on their respective bankers, for nearly the amount of their accompts, and filled up checques in favour of each other for fifteen hundred pounds, which were sent in the same evening by way of

replacing the sums they had thus drawn. Relying on these cheques as they had often done on similar ones, the bankers clerks considered the last account of the respective parties as perfectly clear, and when the emissaries of King applied to procure cash for other cheques ready signed by Glover and Albut, to the same amount, before the deception was discovered, they succeeded; the clerks relying on the deficiency being replaced in the course of the day. The fraud was not discovered till fourteen hundred and thirty-five pounds had been paid in this manner. On applying for the remaining sixty-five, Richard Cove, the bearer of the cheque, and an instrument of King's, was arrested, but as the transaction could only be regarded as an attempt of the parties to overdraw their accompts, both he, and King, who was taken up on suspicion of fraud, were immediately liberated. Had the parties been indicted for a conspiracy the result might have been different.

After this transaction he opened an office in Three-King-court, Lombard-street, under the firm of Messrs. John Dean and Company; and the following advertisement was put into immediate circulation.

" MONEY AT COMMAND AND WITHOUT INTEREST.—Messrs. John Dean and Co. feel that to communicate their proposals through the medium of a public paper, is highly derogatory from those principles which they are proud to profess, and in a great measure prejudicial to that favourable interest which they should wish to gain in the opinion of those who desire their assistance: yet if a willingness to assist distress, to support credit, and encourage industry; a wish assisted by pecuniary resources, and mercantile connections of no ordinary character, be deserving of public attention and gratitude, Messrs. D. and Co. may boldly violate the usual forms of introduction."

Three-King-court, Lombard-street.

Deceived by such promises, and allured by the advantageous terms on which they offered their assistance, the office was soon besieged by a multitude of applicants. In the prosecution of their scheme they printed off bills

to the amount of forty thousand pounds, and as nearly resembling Bank notes as the law allowed. It was the province of Messrs. Freeman, and a man of the name of Pickersgill, to pass these bills to country dealers, among tradesmen in town, or through any other practicable channel.

A Mr. Harris undertook to pass the notes of the house at the Hazard and EO tables, and at the private gambling clubs, of which he had the honor to be a member.

Soon after the establishment of the concern, Lord M—b—e had occasion to apply for EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS: he received one hundred pounds in cash, and six hundred and sixty in notes of the house, payable to his own order. The remainder was deducted for interest and agency. The notes of the house he deposited with his banker, but having occasion to draw for a part of their amount, he was informed that the notes of Messrs. Dean and Co. could not be carried to his cash account, he therefore withdrew them, acquainted Mr. Dean with the circumstance, and requested to have bank notes or cash in exchange. Mr. Dean informed his lordship, that it would militate against the rules and PRINCIPLES of the house, to discount their own paper; but if he would leave the notes, they would get them discounted in a day or two, at their own expence.

The apparent openness of Mr. Dean's conduct, and the moderation of his terms had so far prepossessed Lord M—b—e in his favour, that he had introduced him to M—b—e House, and recommended him to his friends. He did not hesitate therefore to leave the notes without cancelling the indorsement, and was consequently obliged to pay them; and thus sustained an additional loss of six hundred and sixty pounds, making in all, thirteen hundred and sixty pounds, the result of his application to an advertising money-lender.

By this, and similar modes of depredation, he contrived in the course of about six weeks to raise his capital from fifty shillings, to more than ELEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

But the nature of the plan did not admit of its prolongation, and his attention was now diverted to a scheme which promised to be more durably advantageous, and which he has since repeated with success.

Mr. Thomas Freeman, with a person named Lucas, were dispatched in the month of March, 1783, to Exeter, where King had previously provided an office for the negotiation of bills, bonds, post obits, &c. &c. under the common assurances of liberality, secrecy, and expedition, of which notices were circulated on their arrival, through the counties of Devon and Cornwall.

The Exeter bankers suspecting their undertaking to be a cover only for the introduction of a new bank, did their utmost to prevent its establishment; but their opposition having no view beyond their own interest, and being unable from their ignorance of its real object, to assign any other reason for opposing it, they turned the jealousy of the public upon themselves, and eventually promoted what they wished to frustrate.

The period allotted for the execution of his designs was a month only from the day of *opening*. In the first week a few bills were presented for discount, and drafts given in exchange at twenty-one days sight, on Mr. Thomas Buckle, of Clifford's-Inn, who duly honoured them *with his acceptances*.

By negotiations of this and a similar kind, they had gained at the end of the first ten days, about two thousand pounds. The facility, indeed, with which several persons of slender pretensions had been accommodated, excited the suspicions of a few; but the copper-plate engraving from which the drafts of Messrs. Lucas and Co. were printed, being executed with superlative taste, and the paper (water-marked with the words General Accommodation Office,) incomparably more delicate in its texture than Bank notes; the generality of the good people of Exeter were so prejudiced by the prettiness of their appearance, that the bills of the new firm bid fair to become the fashionable currency.

An unfortunate rencontre between Freeman and a traveller from London, whom he had formerly duped, put a premature stop to their undertaking. Their papers, including King's letters, which he had requested might be burnt as soon as they were received, and several papers containing a full developement of their plan, were seized by warrant from the mayor. Freeman effected his escape, and Lucas was committed, but owing to some informality, he was afterwards liberated. A joint note of a clergyman, and an old maid, was discounted at the accommodation bank, and being transmitted to King, was offered by him in the way of trade to a linen-draper near Temple-Bar; the grossness of his flattery, and the enormous gain which he offered, induced a suspicion in Mr. H. that the note was either forged or fraudulently obtained. He therefore declined the negociation, but detained the note, and gave notice of his proceeding to the drawers, who referred him to their solicitor, Mr. F—b—k of Ely-Place, to whom, on a proper explanation, and a promise of indemnity, Mr. H. delivered it up. He was soon after arrested in trover by King, for the nominal value of the note. A bill of discovery was filed, therefore, by the parties: and no mention being made in that bill of the letters found on Lucas, when first apprehended by the mayor of Exeter, King swore in his answer that he had never been acquainted with Lucas or Freeman, and (being assured his letters were destroyed,) that he had never held any correspondence with either of them. The plaintiffs amended their bill, set forth the letters, and questioned him concerning their authenticity. They were deposited with their clerk in court, and exhibited to King. The first reflection in his situation determined him to dispatch himself, and if the accidental entrance of his confidant Mr. Drage had not prevented the execution of his purpose, the world might have had to deplore the untimely fate of one of its most shining characters. Mr. Drage suggested a plan, for the successful execution of which he engaged to pay him and an assis-

tant, *two hundred pounds*. They proceeded without delay to the chancery office. Fortune favoured their undertaking. The box of the complainant's clerk was left to the care only of a youth. Mr. Drage being solicitor on record for the respondent required to inspect and make extracts from the exhibits. The papers were accordingly laid before him. The young clerk, who had been interrupted in a very interesting part of the history of Sir Charles Crandison, returned instantly to his amusement : which so entirely engaged his attention, that they accomplished their purpose without running the smallest risk, or employing any extraordinary efforts of genius or address. The letters were deliberately separated from the other papers. The amendment was consequently answered with a repetition of our hero's former asseverations, and a flat denial that any such letters existed. DRAGE and his companion were rewarded with a *douceur* of five guineas for saving their employer from the pillory, and instead of the difference between this sum and two hundred pounds, they received a profusion of promises and commendations, and repeated assurances of everlasting gratitude.

By this time his name had become so notorious, and his person so well known, that he could neither prosecute his schemes without an almost unlimited dependence on the fidelity of others, nor hope to evade the severest inflictions of judicial punishment, if he should once be brought within the power of the law. He was meditating the expedience of a temporary retirement, when Lady Lanesborough's necessities conducted her to his office. Our hero is not less sensual than mercenary. His amatory propensities are proverbially strong, and he is not restrained from their indulgence by those scruples of conscience or decorum that deter the rest of mankind from improper gratification. There is only one human being to whom his friendship (partly arising from convenience, and partly from sympathy of disposition), has been uniformly ardent: this favoured being is one *Norman*,

a dealer in unfledged beauty. It must be confessed that his love of immaturity is rather the result of choice than of necessity. The blandishments of skilful flattery are not less successful with the female world, than elegance of address, or symmetry of person. With Mrs. Robinson, the poetess, so notorious a few years after under the name of Perdita, he was, if report says true, the first instrument of conjugal infidelity; and her pretended correspondence, which King vainly endeavoured to employ for the purposes of extortion from her then protector, Lord M. was afterwards published. As we believe that the letters are principally forgeries, we do not think it necessary to copy them.

Not long after he found means to accomplish the seduction of a Miss Mackay, a distant relation of the gentleman who made so much noise in the East-India disputes with Lord Pigot. With her he retired to an obscure lodging in Pimlico: where she experienced, in the short space of eighteen months, every kind and degree of misery that cruelty could inflict, or female fortitude endure. She was once brought to bed in that period, and twice miscarried; before the expiration of the eighteen months, King introduced to her acquaintance a French desperado of the name of CHAMERON, who had been private secretary to the Duc De PENTHIEUVRE, but having made too free with the contents of his master's bureau, was obliged to make a precipitate retreat from his own country, and had taken refuge in the metropolis of England. No artifice or manoeuvre was left unemployed by King, that could tend to the admission of such liberties on the part of the lady, as might justify him in *turning her over* to the Frenchman's protection. His plan succeeded. He affected to be greatly distressed at the obvious estrangement of her affections, and gently reproached his friend for depriving him of so invaluable a blessing. But perceiving, he said, the violence of their attachment to each other, he knew it would be madness to oppose their wishes: and had come there-

fore to a resolution to ensure their happiness, whatever might be the consequence to himself; and concluded the farce by condescendingly joining their hands.

If Lady Lanesborough did not possess the beauty of Miss Mackay, and if little remained of the loveliness of youth, her bosom still glowed with "the warmth of young desire, and purple light of love." She was in want of money and a lover; and our hero had no objection to the possession of her person, *and her jointure*. We have understood that in the preliminary negotiations, both parties outwitted themselves; but as we mean not to relate any circumstance, however trivial, but on undeniable testimony, we shall finish our amatory history by declaring what we know to be true, that no opportunity was lost of employing her ladyship's title to the best advantage, and her nominal alimony was sold to supply the expences of their departure for the continent.

His flight was precipitated by the conviction of his agent Freeman, on an indictment for forgery. Previous to the trial, and as long afterwards as he had reason to dread the possibility of danger, KING took care to supply him with money, and to flatter him with hopes of his reprieve. A few days, however, before that fixed for his execution, finding himself deserted and deceived, he resolved to entitle himself to some favour, by offering the best atonement in his power, for the frauds and depredations in which he had been concerned, and his communications being thought sufficiently important to entitle him to a mitigation of punishment, his sentence of death was changed to that of transportation.

With his lovely paragon of lady-like pride and feminine delicacy, he wandered from France to Italy, and from Italy to France, sometimes "*tramping*" it on foot, and sometimes sporting a vehicle too dirty for shew, and too crazy for use. The Italians were too poor, too desperate, and too partial to the beauties of their own country for the purposes of the lady or her paramour, but at Paris they found every thing *exactly as it should be*. While

the lady amused her evenings at the Palais Royal, our indefatigable hero was in constant attendance at the fashionable gaming houses. By their united exertions they contrived to drag on a miserable existence, till the operation of the statute of limitations enabled them to return.

For the first few years after his return his plans of depredation were comparatively circumscribed in number and extent. But as his capital accumulated, his speculations became more bold, and his efforts more successful. A new generation of dupes had appeared in the circles of fashion, and among the pigeons in St. James's-street. All remembrance of the ACCOMMODATION OFFICE had been long forgotten by the good people of Exeter, and several other towns had risen from the obscurity that had eluded his former enquiries, to mercantile importance. He was resolved, therefore, by one grand enterprize to place himself beyond the possibility of pecuniary embarrassment, and justify his claim to superiority over every predatory competitor.

For this purpose he formed an engagement with a fellow named Brown, a discarded journeyman in the noble profession of glove-making, and one Prescott, who to his other recommendations had lately had the honour to fill the situation of chamberlain at the Key in Chandos-street. The former was to assume the style and title of a baronet, under the name of Sir Robert Wyndham Laythropp Murray Brown Clarke, and the latter was ostensible and acting manager. The cheques were so contrived as to impress an ignorant person with the idea that Wyndham, Laythropp, Brown, &c. were the names of so many different partners. To remove, however, the suspicions of the timid, and to confirm the confidence of those who might rather wish to see the name of one respectable person in a firm, than those of forty unknown or suspicious characters, a building at Windsor called in derision the Hermitage, was taken for a quarter at the an-

nual rent of sixteen pounds; and by some means or other our hero procured a notification in the London Gazette, that the king had been graciously pleased to grant unto Sir Robert Wyndham Laythropp Murray Browne, &c. &c. of the HERMITAGE, that he should be permitted to bear the additional name of Clarke, in compliance with the request of his late aunt, &c. &c. This notification was printed in large letters in all the provincial papers for the purpose of eclat, and the bank in Portland-place being at length established, they had time to devote their attention to the necessary operations in the country.

His usual mode of conducting these operations at a distance from town, was formed on the Exeter plan of the year 1783, with additions and improvements. Agents were appointed at almost every town of mercantile importance, and an advertisement to this purport inserted in the principal provincial newspapers.

ACCOMMODATION.—To Farmers, Merchants, Manufacturers, and Men of Property.

“Messrs. Prescott, Pickering, and Edwards beg leave to congratulate the public on the final establishment, in spite of difficulties thrown in their way, of their Banking and Accommodation Office. On all goods sent to London, the full value will be immediately advanced, either by the establishment in town, or at the office in LIVERPOOL. Gentlemen having occasion to transmit bills may thus avoid the risque and trouble of negociation through other sources, the difficulties attending such negotiations in the common course of banking business having been long complained of.”

The ostensible managers and proprietors of the banking house, were instructed to act in an honourable manner, as long as no important purpose could be answered by a different procedure; but no sooner did a valuable prize present itself to their acceptance, than the goods were intercepted on their arrival in London, the firm was dissolved, and the holders of the accommodation notes left to admire the fineness of the paper and the beauty of the engraving.

Whether this plan would have been pursued with exactness by Messrs. Laythropp and Co. the intervention of Mr. Jefferies (the silversmith) fortunately saved the public from the necessity of determining. Having some knowledge of the *baronet*, and a bill which he had fraudulently obtained, coming into Mr. J.'s possession, he was induced to investigate the nature of his connection with the Portland-place bank, and made such discoveries and disclosures, as rendered it necessary for the ostensible partners to abscond, and the secret manager to awake from his dreams of oriental opulence. The banking houses that had been opened for the purpose of country correspondence were necessarily shut up, and our hero appeared as a bankrupt in those very columns that a short while before had emblazoned the nobility of his self-created friend.

The circumstances that we have already related, in the line of mercantile depredation will enable our readers to form a general idea of the leading features of his system. But it not unfrequently happens that one species of fraud is so complicated with another, and a single act of injustice so dependant on the subsequent schemes that have been required to pursue it, or to evade the punishment to which it is liable, that any endeavour to unravel their intricacy, and trace their connection would be too abstruse to instruct, and too tedious to amuse.

Nor are the necessitous and mercantile classes of the community the only victims of his cunning and rapacity. He knows how to practise on the weakness of mankind, as well as to profit by their misfortunes. The credulity of superstitious ignorance, the inexperience of youth, and the tenderness of feminine sensibility, are regarded by him as the peculiar objects of his predatorial machinations. Restrained by no punctilios of decorum, or principles of honour, a stranger to any emotions of shame, or any feelings of personal dignity, there is no form of manhood in which he is not ready to appear, no disguise that he is unwilling to assume, for the further-

ance of his purposes. Nor can it be denied that his talents of *finesse* are of an order so superior as to elude the scrutiny of the most suspicious caution. Like Bonaparte too he accomplishes many of his schemes by boldness of decision, and rapidity of execution. Who that has seen him but an hour before, transacting business as a money-lender at the west end of the town, would expect to find him in the Minories personating the character of a fortune-teller? Yet we have certain evidence that in the same day, and within a period of six hours, he has appeared as the guardian of a young lady of fortune, as an attorney's clerk, an Old Bailey solicitor, an astrologer, a doctor of medicine, and a Turkey merchant. His profession of fortune-teller was of essential service to the prosecution of his most important undertakings, but conducted more particularly to the success of his speculations as a match-maker. Having advertised his assistance to gentlemen of fortune and character, in matrimonial negociation, his next business was to select from the number of his female acquaintances some prostitute of decent address, who might personate a LADY OF FASHION. He was too well acquainted with the world to suppose that any female who had the slightest pretensions to an acquaintance with the fashionable world, would be the dupe of such an artifice, but he knew that the beau monde has its imitators, its novices, and its outcasts. It was not difficult for Mrs. Morris, or any other female confidante to form an acquaintance with one or two dashing demireps, and by the eclat of their appearance to procure the visits of unfledged heiresses and Whitechapel belles. It not unfrequently happened that female curiosity conducted the young ladies to the oracle of ————street, previous to their introduction to Mrs. M———: in this case the high-priest was favoured with a second-sight intimation that they were to arrive at the temple of matrimony through the portal of the fashionable Mrs. M———, in M———street: if that connection had been already formed, and Mrs. M.'s in-

terest had been engaged in favour of some *liberal* observer of her advertisement; Mr. King assured the fair applicant that she was already blessed with the attentions of her future husband, that a gentleman, (describing his person, &c. &c.) was ardently attached to her, that he perceived by the stars that they were destined to live in an uninterrupted series of connubial bliss, and to leave behind them a *numerous*, a lovely, and a happy offspring. See the law proceedings, *King v. Burr*.

His *favourite* plan, however, and that which he finds of all others the most easy to execute, is to implore assistance in the character of a lady in distress. Sometimes advertisements likethe following are answered by men of feeling and generosity, but they more frequently entrap that class of beings who are elated at the idea of having a pretty woman in their power, and have no objection to sacrifice a few pounds to the gratification of their passions. In either case the female confederate absconds, and shares the booty with her principal.

The reader is desired to attend particularly to the *address* of each advertisement.

I.

"At an era when deception is at its zenith, it seems vain to make any efforts on the feelings of society; yet the author of this, A YOUNG FEMALE under the most peculiar circumstances, dares hazard an attempt contrary to her judgment, but propelled by the despotism of necessity: she wishes to meet with a being possessed of sufficient delicacy and liberality to *appreciate* her justly, and capable of forming an attachment, at once permanent, and fraught with the refinements of a genuine friendship.—Address to L. L. at No. 33, EAST-STREET, MANCHESTER-SQUARE."

From the Morning Post, July 9th, 1809.

II.

"A YOUNG FEMALE of respectability, who is a widow, in embarrassed circumstances, would deem herself fortunate if she could procure, as tenant for the upper part of her house, which is pleasantly situated at the west end of the town, a single elderly gentleman of character and honour, or one connected with literary men, who could procure her employ in that capacity. She could officiate as Amanuensis, or is

competent to most other departments of literature. As the advertiser has much leisure, and from recent occurrences is not extremely happy, she wishes these lines to meet the eye of some one capable of *appreciating* them.—Address to R. L. at No. 33, East-street, Manchester-square. Personal enquiries are wholly useless.”

Morning Herald, April 15th, 1803.

III.

“ TO PERSONS OF FORTUNE AND HONOUR. A female of fashion and respectability has immediate occasion for 1000l. to free her from an embarrassment, the nature of which cannot be at present explained—suffice it that she is competent to offer the most ample security, with some advantage to the lender, which will be made manifest. No money broker need apply, nor any but such as possess ability and inclination to act as required;—it may be proper to add, an interview cannot be granted by the advertiser till particulars are explained to A YOUNG LADY, who is her friend, and empowered to negotiate for her. Address to G. M. No. 33, East-street, Manchester-square. Personal enquiries are useless.”

Morning Post, March 8th, 1804.

IV.

“ A FEMALE, impelled by circumstances even more pressing than her own immediate distress, intreats the assistance and protection of a gentleman of honour and fortune, whom years and a knowledge of the world have taught to judge liberally, to feel, pity, and relieve the miseries of those less happy than himself: if this should arrest the attention of such a one, an answer is earnestly requested, addressed to H. O. T. No. 2, Hamilton-street, Piccadilly, which will be instantly attended to.”

Morning Post, 8th March, 1804, (the same day as No. III.) and also on the 26th.

V.

“ As happiness is the common pursuit of all, and dependent upon circumstances of delicacy not always attainable in the usual paths of intercourse, A LADY, of respectable friends and genteel accomplishments, whose person and mind, perhaps, may render the *Incognita* not altogether unworthy the attention of a person of character and respectability.—A line addressed to X. Y. (post paid) to be left at the office of this paper, till called for will meet with attention.”

Observer, December 5th, 1802.

VI.

“However equivocal the prudent or the happy may deem the present mode of communication, A YOUNG FEMALE, whom combining circumstances have rendered unfortunate and embarrassed, ventures, through this medium, to intimate a desire of obtaining the sincere friendship of an honourable man. None are requested to answer, that hesitate in a first address to give undeniable proofs of their being so.—Letters addressed to A. B. No. 28, York Mews, Baker-street, Portman-square, will, if they merit it, meet instant notice. No personal enquiries permitted.”

Morning Herald, March 17th, 1803.

VII.

“TO THE LIBERAL MINDED.—A YOUNG LADY, unfitted alike by education and circumstances for encountering the storms of adversity, and whose situation unfortunate and embarrassed, cannot be explained in an advertisement, yet reluctantly resorts to it as a last uncertain expedient, to preserve her from the severest exigency. She trusts no enlightened being will condemn a step, to the sad inducements to which they are fortunately strangers; the aid of thirty-five pounds would relieve her from the pressure of immediate evil, and bind her in eternal gratitude to the generous donor. Should these few but anxiously penned lines fail to interest any one in behalf of their author, she feels to add more would be superfluous. Letters addressed to W. W. 19, Edgware-road, will be gratefully acknowledged, but personal enquiries will not be understood.”

Of this we have lost the date, but it is about the same period.

VIII.

“Mrs. Malvern is extremely sorry that circumstances sometimes prevent her sending for her letters for a day or two together; and that the numerous answers to her address preclude the possibility of separate answers to all.—She confesses herself surprised that the letters of many are written apparently without the smallest attention to the general tenor of her advertisement. To those who are for flying immediately to shew the strength of their flame, her reply is, that they have her grateful thanks, but she is blest with lovers enough already. The object of her search is the society and protection of a well informed, independant, amiable, and honourable companion—one she could respect as well as love, to whose opinion and superior judgment she could appeal with the most perfect reliance, yet who would also consider her in every respect worthy his unlimited confidence, and to whom, on every occasion, he would turn for comfort, joy, and consolation. She firmly believes such beings are in existence—But!”—

Morning Post, April 7th, 1803.

IX.

"A YOUNG LADY, who, from an unfortunate circumstance has incurred a debt of 25l. unknown to her friends, and which she has not any means of discharging till the beginning of the ensuing year, unless some persons of fortune and liberality will assist her, to whom she would prove grateful for the obligation.—Letters, post paid, directed to Mr. Smith, corner of Church-street, Chelsea, will be attended to."

Morning Post, July 9th, 1804.

The *addresses* of the three following will prove the connection between money-lending and fortune-telling.

X.

"A gentleman, whose attention has been greatly directed to the character and temper of BONAPARTE, and is therefore capable of judging what will be the inevitable consequences of his temerity, can impart some intelligence of vast importance to gentlemen or ladies of fortune. Whoever wishes for further information, must enclose a pecuniary compliment, and propound their question, which will be immediately answered. If an interview is required, and the advertiser is satisfied with the manner of requiring it, and the motive, he will grant it. Address to Mr. J. J—, No. 14, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street."

Morning Post, August 10, 1803.

XI.

"BORROWERS AND LENDERS.—Money to any amount advanced on every kind of security, on mortgage, or on any income for life, arising from lands, or the funds, or on Bonds, Bills, Notes, &c. &c. Several Post Obits to sell, and other securities, by which twenty per cent. may be made legally.—Apply, or address a line to Messrs. Carter and Co. No. 10, Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate-hill; or a line to No. 14, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street."

Morning Herald, August 13th, 1805.

XII.

"LADIES, single or married, accommodated with sums of money from 100l. to any amount, by applying, or addressing a line to Messrs. Carter and Co. 10, Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate-hill."

As a concluding specimen of his talents and versatility, we present the following :

XIII.

"IN MATRIMONY.—A gentleman, whose literary productions have met public approbation, undertakes to conduct epistolary correspondence, where correctness and elegance of style are necessary, whether on familiar topics, on business, or in courtship; he pledges himself to the strictest secrecy; whatever be the subject, no confidence will be abused, no matter divulged: he presumes he could use a strain the best adapted to display the feelings of the heart, and attain its object. He can give references, or find responsibility for any trust reposed in him.—Apply, or address to Mr. C. R. No. 166, Fleet-street."

Morning Post, October 25th, 1803.

Another favourite and successful scheme, was to procure boys under age, of the same name with some celebrated banker, or merchant; who live with him in the capacity of servants, and are constantly employed in accepting his drafts. He has had a Goldsmid for his footman, a Baring for his scullion, and a Hope for his amanuensis. A gentleman who now resides in Fenchurch-street of the name of Partington, was arrested on a bill for a considerable sum, which on further investigation, turned out to be honored with the acceptance of a servant of our hero, of the same name and a minor.

Of the circumstances that compelled him to take refuge within the rules of the Fleet, of his conduct to Mr. Harrison, and his connection with Sir Edward O'Brian Price, and the other chevaliers d'industrie of the day, and of his appearance in the character of a BRITISH GUARDIAN, we had intended to enter into a detailed exposition. But we have already trespassed beyond our prescribed limits; his late transactions only differ from those which we have mentioned, in the degrees of their atrocity; and it has been suggested to us, that any remarks on circumstances at present before the court, or which in their ultimate consequences may become the subject of litigation, would be indecorous in themselves, and afford him materials for new affidavits, and more atrocious calumnies.

The number and docility of his instruments have often excited the wonder and the enquiries of the public. It has been asserted that no set of men could be engaged

in the prosecution of schemes so nefarious, without being sometimes exposed to the temptation of exposing his villainy, and betraying his designs. But Mr. King has the sagacity to foresee, and the cunning to provide against dangers of this kind. He selects no one to be the instrument of his purposes, or the confident of his plans without first ensnaring them to the commission of some crime of which the discovery would endanger their lives, and discredit their veracity. His usual artifice is to procure them over a bottle of wine to sign the name of some friend, to a piece of paper, which afterwards turns out to be a cheque, or a bond. On the slightest indication of infidelity or disobedience, the forgery is brought to their remembrance in *terrorem*, and the unfortunate culprit is glad to compromise his freedom for his safety.

By means like this he has at different periods of his life been able to ensnare many unfortunate young men; who have been compelled as they advanced in life to participate with increasing activity in his crimes, and to apply their faculties with more intensity to the prosecution of every plan that his ingenuity may suggest. He has thus been able to collect a gang of desperate retainers; who are not less formidable as the instruments of personal violence, than as the agents of deception. If it be the misfortune of any individual to incur the displeasure of their master, he is watched by these emissaries in all his ways, his private affairs are sifted out for the purpose of libellous recrimination; he is pointed out to the mob as a Vere-street miscreant, or as a pick-pocket, and is not unfrequently exposed to personal attacks, which having no suspicion of their origin, he ascribes to the common foot-pad, or the regular house-breaker. The circumstances attending the punishment of Jackson, afford a melancholy example of his influence over the victims of his despotism.

Jackson being applied to by a gentleman of the name of Brown, for the discount of two bills for seven hundred pounds each; after having negotiated them,

absconded with the cash. The bills were presented in the regular course, to Mr. Brown for payment, *properly indorsed*. As Mr. Brown had delivered the bills to Jackson, without any indorsement, the latter was traced to his retreat, and apprehended on a charge of forgery: and no evidence appearing that the bills had been previous to negotiating them in any hands but Jackson's, or that any person connected with Jackson, had pretended to call on Mr. Brown, and procure his indorsement, he was convicted. Nor were the true circumstances of the case ever revealed by the culprit himself, but to the person who had really committed the crime for which he was afterwards executed. Jackson's letter on this occasion is in our possession.

Were any other facts than those we have already adduced, required to testify the humanity of our hero, it would be the circumstance that he wrapped himself up in a box coat, and mingled with the crowd, to witness the expiring tortures of a man, whom he had himself been the instrument of bringing to an ignominious death.

And after having so steadily, and so desperately pursued this long career of audacious villainy, what is his reward? After sacrificing the happiness and security of his life to the delusive pursuits of fraudulent accumulation; after submitting for an extended series of years to every mode of personal degradation, and voluntarily incurring the contempt and detestation of the public, his labours, his distresses, and his humiliations are repaid by an old age of infamy and indigence. The torments of remorse, the anxieties of guilty fear, the shame of detected baseness, and all the mental sufferings and bodily tortures which are incident to the continued pursuit of fame or riches through the paths of iniquity, have only accelerated his progress to that state of complicated misery, in which his only refuge was a prison. Had he employed one tenth of the time or industry that he has devoted to the schemes of villainy such as those that we have detailed in the honest exercise of his profession, though he might not have been honoured by

the embraces of a titled mistress, nor gratified by a disgraceful triumph over the thoughtless improvidence of a COVENTRY, his labours would have been rewarded by the progressive attainment of that affluence which can only be peacefully enjoyed when it has been honourably acquired, and he would probably have been convinced of a truth, to the illustration of which the preceding narrative may powerfully contribute—that to be HONEST is to be HAPPY.

Since the preceding article was written, the subject of our memoir has been found guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

The conviction of any other man on an indictment for perjury would have been a sufficient claim on our forbearance; but we are too well acquainted with the habits of his mind, not to be convinced that punishment will only aggravate his malignity, and the solitude of confinement be employed in the formation of future schemes of depredation and revenge.

It was proved on the trial that Mr. Harrison having obtained a verdict of fifteen hundred pounds in an action for malicious imprisonment, King applied to the court of chancery for an injunction to restrain proceedings on the judgment. The injunction was granted. Previously to this, Harrison had sued out a writ of execution against King's property. The levy was made, the goods seized, and afterwards given up by the officer. For this *giving up* an action was brought against the sheriffs, and damages recovered. The writ was issued out by Harrison on the 4th of April, the injunction was issued on the 9th, King swore that the writ was issued out on the 11th, and on that affidavit he sought for an attachment that would throw Harrison into prison for a contempt of the high court of chancery.—The writ was obtained before the injunction: King swore that he knew it was *not* obtained before the injunction.

In the course of the Attorney-general's reply he took occasion to observe, that the service of writs was extremely lucrative, and that in general when the writ was for so large a sum as the present (one thousand five hundred and sixty-seven pounds,) the whole *posse comitatus* would be up in arms, to have the honour of its execution. But in this case, it was pretty clear, that of the entire host of officers, one half was in fear of, and the other half in league with the defendant.

ANTHONY DAFFY SWINTON.

PHILOSOPHERS of all ages have been puzzled to select a distinctive epithet of classification between man and the inferior order of created beings. But whatever objections may be urged against such adjectives as are meant to designate his general character: whether it be admitted that the appellations of thinking, cooking, or shaving be appropriate, or inappropriate when applied collectively, it cannot be disputed that an Englishman in particular may justly be denominated a money-making animal. We are the only people among whom the talent of acquiring wealth is an indispensable constituent of greatness; it is in this favoured land alone, of intellectual independance that indigence is synonymous with guilt, and to be poor is to be criminal. Neither rank, nor genius, nor courage is any longer valued or respected but as it is productive of riches; the wealth of Lord Wellington is not a less frequent, or less anxious subject of enquiry than his personal virtues, or his military skill; and it may be doubted whether the first poet of the age be most admired as the author of the *Lady of the Lake*, or the possessor of a talent that commands the purses of the booksellers.

But that very avidity for gain which is the peculiar characteristic of the English nation, if it be abstractedly

disgraceful, has both elicited its resources, and demonstrated its collective superiority over its rivals in all the virtues on which the permanent happiness and glory of every empire must eventually depend. Our love of money does not hurry us to the violation of justice, or the commission of cruelty or meanness: for an Englishman to enjoy his possessions it is necessary that he should have acquired them honestly: a Frenchman would laugh at his eagerness for a shilling, but a Frenchman would pilfer what an Englishman would gain. It is indeed the great glory of the nation, that with habits so commercial its integrity is equal to its avarice.

But in a country where riches are the only sources of distinction, so many instances of notorious dishonesty will always be found, as to render it improbable that a work like ours, even were it exclusively devoted to the exposure of villainy, should ever be suspended from a deficiency of materials; and if there be any class of swindlers more numerous than the rest, it is that of which Mr. Swinton has the honor to be a member: the irregular retainers to the law, are models of primitive virtue and simplicity when compared with the fraternity of quacks. An evangelical teacher is a more respectable character than the vendor of a nostrum; and we should feel more respect for the saint who purchased a bottle of anti-venereal lotion than for the doctor who invented it.

Of the birth-place of the founder of the family it is with shame and sorrow that we confess our ignorance. But it is the peculiar fate of great and distinguished characters that the history of their infant years should be involved in impenetrable obscurity. If seven cities contended for the nativity of Homer, it is not less certain that all the counties of England might advance their claims to the first Mr. Swinton's *primogeniture*: if Homer wandered through the provinces of Greece in the humble capacity of an itinerant Incledon, it may be equally true that the first character in which Mr. Swinton was destined to appear was that of a travelling performer on the tongs and

shovel. The same love of music that prompted him to delight the ear of the good dames of Wiltshire with the sonorous cry of "Pots to mend oh! kettles to mend oh!" impelled him to an occasional trial of skill on that melodious instrument vulgarly denominated a sow-gelder's horn. It is generally admitted among the literati that humility is always the accompaniment of genius, a position which may be supported not only by the authority of Examiner Hunt, and Panorama Porter, but by the example of the extraordinary man whose virtues it is our present duty to commemorate. For seven long years did this child of meekness "pursue the noiseless tenour of his way," unconscious of his own transcendent powers, unaware of that glorious though distant preeminence which awaited him; anxious only for the virginity of pigs, and the continence of kettles.

But accident is the friend of virtue. At the town of Burton in Lancashire this memorable personage formed an acquaintance with a man named English, who with a pious regard for the spiritual, as well as the bodily health of the inhabitants, appeared in the double character of a vendor of Anderson's Pills, and a methodist preacher. His mornings were employed in the distribution of his puffs, and his evenings in explaining to the dear sisters who flocked from all parts of the country to hear the "*divine man*," the "mysteries and dimensions of unbounded love." But Mr. English was not one of those ungallant "preachers of the gospel," who awake the "*soul breathing ardours of gasping desire*," in the bosoms of his fair auditors, and then leave them to the dangers that await the frailties of our nature: he knew that loss of health and loss of reputation were punishments too severe for the tender sensibility of "weakness overcome in wrestling;" as a postscript therefore to his list of cures, he kindly informed his purchasers that "one pill additional taken *when going to bed*, would effectually remove all obstructions arising from secret causes:" and that nothing might be wanting for their safety and convenience a

sealed paper was enclosed which "*was* requested might be opened only by females," and which set forth the virtues of Mr. English's *preventative**.

His time was now so entirely occupied in public exhortation, or private wrestling that he found it necessary to share the profits of his nostrums with an assistant. Mr. Swinton's physiognomy recommended him to his favour, and he engaged him at the princely salary of fourpence a day to distribute the pills of immortality. But on this occasion the son of Mammon prevailed over the child of holiness. Mr. S. having received from his master a dozen gross of his "genuine Anderson's," justly concluded that their virtue would not be injured by dispersing them under another name. On his arrival at Lancaster he substituted his own bills in the place of his *ci-devant* master's, and took the liberty of informing the public that a fellow of the name of English, who travelled the country vending a spurious imitation of the only original and genuine pill was an impostor, of whom all christian people should beware.

But he felt no inclination to forsake so profitable a calling as soon as the stock which he had thus ingeniously converted to his use, might be expended. He was totally ignorant of the composition of Mr. English's pills, but he knew that they were black and bitter, and to know that was sufficient for his purpose. With the aid of gentian and ivory black, he contrived to manufacture several thousand boxes of pills, which possessed every quality of his master's originals but their virtues. Great was the dismay of the old maids of Preston at the unexpected absence of those effects which they had been accustomed to experience from the use of their favourite nostrum.

* We shall have occasion hereafter to analyse the contents of Dr. Senate's book. A person of the name of Tyce, a chemist, is also in the habit of enclosing in the wrappers of Anderson's Pills, which are purchased generally by females, advertisements of a nature the most detestably indecent. He too shall hear from us again.

Our readers no doubt remember with sympathising commiseration the enthronement of the gracious Yadlinida, the beauteous queen of Chrononhotonthologos, at the moment of his triumphant return from his expedition against the king of the Antipodes. Suffice it to say that the exhibition of our hero's pills was attended with none of those celestial motions so pathetically described by the dramatist. On this occasion Mr. Swinton had the honor of confuting a fundamental proposition of mechanics, for whereas it is laid down in the works of Newton, that every motion must be the effect of some preceding motion; it is indisputably true that the absence of *motion* was the cause of our Esculapius's *moving off in a tangent* towards the metropolis.

To pursue him through all his gradations of iniquity, from his first arrival in town to his establishment as a medicine vendor in St. Giles's, would be to offend the delicacy of our readers without satisfying their curiosity. It may be sufficient to relate that after figuring away in the various characters of apothecary, tapster, and mealman, his dexterity as a perruquier recommended him to the notice of Dr. Anthony Daffy, the inventor of the elixir, who, as a reward for his own toil and industry in rendering the common tincture of Senna more palatable by the addition of Spanish liquorice, thought proper to claim the sole right to its composition. Between the descendants of this person, and the family of Swinton a friendly intercourse continued to exist for many years, till at length the union was cemented by the marriage of Mr. Peter Swinton, a journeyman apothecary, to a fair daughter of the house of Daffy, and the legal proprietor of the elixir.

By the nuptial contract *with this young lady*, he was of course admitted to the possession of the inestimable secret, which had contributed so much to the exaltation of the family. Thus by the "blessing of God," joined with their own endeavours, they became the happy parents of a son, the present Mr. Anthony Daffy Swinton, and a

daughter, who married a Mr. Flowers a sadler in Salisbury-square, now retired from business. Being an only son the caprices of our hero were indulged, and his education neglected. At a very early age he was remarkable for his propensity to lying, and as he grew up he exhibited such indications of ungovernable temper, and vitiated morals as alarmed the prudence of his father; who left him an annuity of three hundred and fifty pounds till he should attain the age of thirty-five, when the whole of his property including the medicine, &c. except about three thousand pounds to his sister Mrs. Flowers, devolved to his possession, and in the mean time his uncle, a carpenter, was appointed guardian of his person and property.

During his minority he formed an attachment to a Miss Hunt, the daughter of a respectable lime merchant in Dorset Wharf, White-friars, and being unable either to gain the consent of his uncle, or to afford the expences of a matrimonial expedition from his allowance, he borrowed one hundred pounds of Mr. Willoughby, a proctor, and persuaded the object of his affections to accompany him in a trip to Gretna-green.

His father-in-law having failed in business, he retired with his wife and her mother to Swaffham in Norfolk, where he set up an establishment rather proportioned to his habits than his fortune. He sported his carriage, and rivalled the most wealthy sportsmen of the county in the pedigree of his hunters, and the number of his dogs.

From this place his embarrassments rendered it necessary that he should make a precipitate retreat to the neighbourhood of Maidstone; whither he was pursued by his creditors. The desperate violence of his temper was so well known that few of the sheriff's officers could be found so daring as to serve him with a writ; one of them, however, having mustered up sufficient courage to attempt his arrest, Mr. Swinton fired a pistol and dangerously wounded him. For this offence he was indicted and afterwards arraigned, but the officer was

induced by the promise of a handsome present to forfeit his recognizance, and the descendant of Daffy was acquitted.

By his Kentish as well as his Norfolk neighbours he was regarded as a madman. His cruelty to his wife and mother, was the subject of universal conversation, and his brutality to the dumb creation at once disgraced his character and injured his fortune. He has been known in a company of ladies to blow out the brains of a valuable greyhound merely because it took the liberty of basking before the fire.

Involved in debt beyond the possibility of extrication, and shunned by every man who had any claim to decency of character, he thought it best to fly from difficulties that he was unable to surmount, and aspersions which he was conscious of deserving. He ran off therefore to Russia with his wife and children, and having remained in that country as long as he could procure credit, and until the vigilance of his creditors might be supposed to have abated, this pattern of conjugal and paternal love reembarked for England, leaving Mrs. Swinton and the little ones to get back to England, or live in Russia as they could. The lady herself contrived to effect her return, but we have reason to believe that the children were left behind.

Mrs. Swinton was soon after obliged to fly for refuge from the brutality of her husband to the house of her brother-in-law Mr. Flowers, who lives at present in the neighbourhood of Cold-bath-fields; and to whose charity she is indebted for subsistence. Mr. S. agreed to grant her a small allowance which has not yet been paid. She may not have been altogether free from vicious habits, but she was before her marriage (and she is now only forty) correct in her behaviour, and beautiful in her person. Her sister is the celebrated Mrs. Minifie, who about seven years ago, prosecuted Mr. Serjeant Best for an assault with intent to commit a rape, and from whose lips the counsel extorted a confession that her

appearance as a prosecutrix might have been prevented by the timely offer of a handsome *douceur*. Her father and mother, who have been dead some years, were reduced after their insolvency to the humble situation of keepers of the Monument.

After the return of Mr. Swinton from Russia, he condescended to gain his subsistence, and to support an occasional indulgence in dissipation by the sale of the nostrum of which he was the professed proprietor. As he possessed, however, no exclusive right to its sale, and as every druggist was acquainted with its composition, his profits were by no means so handsome as those which other members of his fraternity are accustomed to enjoy. He was just about to take a second trip to the continent, when he accidentally encountered Dr. Brodum, the immortal inventor of the Nervous Cordial, and the benevolent author of that wonderful production, the Guide to Old Age. The proprietor of the Botanical Syrup was originally an apprentice to an itinerant printseller; he was next promoted to the service of a Doctor Schiewdeur, from whose receipt book he took the liberty of copying the formulæ of his medicines. It has been asserted that the degree which he assumes, belongs of right to a Doctor Frederic Brodum, whose *apropos* departure for the Indies, enabled his name-sake to make free with the local honors that he tacitly resigned. But this story remains unsubstantiated by evidence, and is not at all necessary to account for the exaltation of Brodum the second. We all know the value of a degree at the university of Copenhagen; we know what money will effect even at the most sacred seats of learning and the muse; and we are very sure that the honor of M. D. has often been conferred on men, whose abilities and knowledge were not to be compared even with the humble talents and superficial acquisitions of the Esculapius of Blackfriars.

But the Swedes and Norwegians possess only the credulity of superstition. They are not ready to believe that a printer's devil can be suddenly transformed into a phy-

sician, or that the man whose life has been devoted to the improvement of wigs, should be the fortunate inventor of a specific for all the diseases by which mortality is afflicted. To this happy country, therefore, did he hasten; to gladden our valetudinarians with his presence, to "alleviate the anguish of the gout, and extirpate the latent seeds of palsy and consumption." But prejudice and obstinacy will counteract the best intentions of the philanthropist: and to the eternal disgrace of the people of England it must be recorded that after fifteen years of the doctor's unwearied and disinterested labours, neither the number of deaths was perceptibly diminished, nor the symptoms of disease visibly alleviated: we are even assured that at the present moment several of our hospitals are crowded with infatuated martyrs to the dropsy and lumbago, and that while the infallible panacea of the benevolent doctor is within their reach, many unfortunate patients have the unheard of folly to expire. We are astonished that some patriotic member of the lower house has not called the attention of the legislature to so crying an abuse: at a time when the population of the kingdom is scarcely adequate to its defence, it is really shameful that the young, the active, and the robust, should voluntarily pop off in a fit of sickness, and leave the survivors (since the doctor has no specific against accidents) to perish in the ruins of their country.

His first effort at celebrity, was the publication of his "Guide to Old Age," in two parts, German and English: a work remarkable only for impudence and obscenity. While it professes to afford to the youthful reader an antidote against secret vice and early dissipation, it initiates him into all the mysteries of pollution, and paints with a vividness of colouring that would do honour to a Cleland, the deliria of voluptuous passion, and the paroxysms of venereal excitation. Yet this is the work which the hoary poltroon by whom it was compiled recommends to the attention of the female world; which he denominates a proper companion to the family parlour, and

“ an unerring guide” through all the mazes of libidinous temptation. In the course of our literary career it has been our duty to chastise the profligate indecency of many detestable publications; but it is peculiar to Brodum and Solomon that their indecency is perfectly gratuitous, that they luxuriate in impurity, and do that from a natural propensity to filthiness, which is done by others for the purpose of emolument.

But it may have occurred to these rival Paracelsi, that though *animated description* may not contribute to the circulation of their work, it may promote the demand for their medicines. We shall hereafter adduce some evidence that the vendors of *nostra* for a secret disease are in the habit of assisting their sale by stimulative publications, and it is not easy to acquit the authors of the “ Guides” of similar intentions.

Dr. Brodum having (to adopt Mr. Swinton’s phraseology,) *feathered his nest*, disposed of the business to Swinton on condition of receiving a proportion of the returns. But the Swede united to his other qualifications volubility of speech, and propriety of demeanour. The intelligent thought him agreeable, and the ignorant wondered at his learning. Mr. Swinton’s appearance is by no means prepossessing, and he is afflicted with an unconquerable propensity to extravagance. In the course of a few months he lost both his business and his credit: and while a virago whom he had taken under his protection scolded him within, bailiffs watched him without. Various were the devices he employed to elude the vigilance of these harpies of the law: to admit a customer was impossible, without at the same time affording access to a bailiff. A trap-door was made with a subterraneous passage into an adjacent house, by which, on the approach of a suspicious personage he might escape: his mistress was at hand with a bag of powdered euphorbium to dust into the bailiff’s eyes as he made his approaches through the lobby; and Dr. Brodum had taught him the Swedish fashion of concurrent reflectors, by

which he might enjoy a complete view of the visitors at his door without stirring from his chair.

At length he found it convenient to change his establishment from Albion-place to Salisbury-square, whither he was accompanied by Mrs. Kerslake. A commission of bankruptcy was soon afterwards taken out against him, and a person named Hall, who assisted him in the manufacture of Dr. Brodum's medicines, &c. gave information to the commissioners that he had secreted a considerable amount of property from his creditors. To prevent Hall's appearance as a witness, or to render him incapable of giving his testimony, was an object, therefore, that demanded his utmost efforts; and of the means by which this purpose was attempted to be carried into execution, the following abstract of Hall's trial will render any further elucidation perfectly superfluous.

George Hall was indicted for feloniously stealing on the 10th of June, a silver table spoon, value 7s. and a bank note, value 2l. the property of Mary Kerslake, in her dwelling house.

(The indictment was read by Mr. Gleed, and the case was stated by Mr. Alley.)

Mary Kerslake sworn. Examined by Mr. Gleed. I am a single woman, I live in my own house, I occupy it, I am a vendor of medicine. On the 10th of June last, returning from Kentish town, I had occasion to purchase some goods at Messrs. Fisher and Wells in Fleet-street; I paid for these articles in a five pound note, I received a two pound note in exchange.

Q. Was there any thing remarkable in the two pound note?—*A.* There was a shilling difference between the shopwoman and me, I cast it up outside of the note; when I returned home I put the note in a bag, in which I generally put the money that I take of Mr. Hall, I placed the bag in a closet in the ware-room, I locked the closet door, and put the key on the corner of a shelf (there was other money in the bag which I had received of him); I then went to market, this was about eleven or twelve o'clock.

Court. Had he access to that closet?—*A.* Yes, he sold medicine when I was out of the way, he was my clerk, in short he was every thing to me.

Mr. Gleed. How long were you absent?—*A.* I suppose not more than half an hour; in about half an hour after my return I went to my closet, I went to my bag, I observed the notes that I had put in

very tight together were shook loose ; I then said to Mr. Hall, who has been here, have you sold any thing ? he said nobody has been here ; I then was very warm on losing my two pound note out of the bag.

Q. Are you perfectly sure that the two pound note you received at Fisher and Wells' you put in that bag ?—A. Yes.

Q. Was that the two pound note that was missing ?—A. It was.

Q. You do not know whether any thing material passed between you and the prisoner ?—A. I do not know any thing particular than that I saw he was frightened. Mr. Swinton being there at the time I mentioned it to him ; I went to the Mansion-house about half past one, I had a coach and I went there very fast.

Q. How soon was the prisoner taken up ?—A. Not on that day, it was the next day.

Q. When you returned from the Mansion-house to your own house was the prisoner there ?—A. He was, not knowing where I had been ; on the next day I applied to Weatherfield, I sent him to my house, I told him that was his prisoner ; Weatherfield, with Kimber, another officer, searched him.

Q. Did you see any thing found upon the prisoner ?—A. I saw the note directly it was found.

Court. You did not actually see them find the note ?—A. No.

Q. Where did the prisoner Hall live ?—A. I do not exactly know the number, in the Borough ; I attended the search of his house in company with the same two officers, and in a chest of drawers on the first floor I found a silver spoon which belonged to me.

Cross-examined by Mr. Gurney.

Q. You are a dealer in medicines are you ?—A. Yes.

Q. What sort of medicines ?—A. Dr. BRODUM'S NERVOUS CORDIAL.

Q. And all Mr. Swinton's medicines ?—A. I did not come here about that.

Q. I must question you about that, although you do not like it, you succeeded Mr. Swinton in business ?—A. Yes.

Q. You sell Dr. BRODUM'S CORDIAL, and all Mr. Swinton's medicines ?—A. Yes.

Q. He had the misfortune to become a bankrupt lately ?—A. Yes, the commission took place after Christmas.

Q. How long have you lived in the house before that ?—A. Last March was a twelvemonth.

Q. Then you lived there nine or ten months before you commenced business ?—A. Yes.

Q. A partner in the business ?—A. No.

Q. Never a partner, were you housekeeper to him ?—A. No, nothing to him.

Q. Only in the same house ?—A. No, in the adjoining house, he

lived at 45 and I at 46; I lived three years before that with Mr. Swinton, I was his housekeeper six months.

Q. When the officer came in the room where was the hat lying?

A. It was lying very close to where he was, I cannot say that I saw it there, it was not found till some minutes after the officers came.

Q. Was not Mr. Swinton there?—A. He was there when the officer was there.

Q. Do not you happen to know that Mr. Hall is a principal witness in support of Mr. Swinton's commission of bankruptcy?—A. I do not know that.

Q. Is that as true as all that you have told us?—A. Certainly.

Q. Is there no communication from a door between the two houses?

A. No.

Q. Is there a communication between the two yards?—A. There was not at the time Mr. Swinton lived there, but since December last there has been a communication; I have the use of the yard since Mr. Swinton left it.

Q. Does not Mr. Swinton live in one of the houses now?—A. No.

Q. Have not you kept out of the way to avoid appearing before the commissioners of bankrupts respecting Mr. Swinton's debts?—A. I have not.

Q. Do you know that the young man has given information to the assignees of Mr. Swinton's concealing his effects, and of your assisting him?—A. I know nothing of the kind.

Q. Do you mean to say that you never heard that he gave information of that?—A. I have heard it about a week or a fortnight back, I believe it came from his own mouth.

Q. No, it came from better mouths than either his or yours; this young man was your clerk at Christmas, and from then you would have us believe that Mr. Swinton had nothing to do with the business; upon your oath did not Mr. Swinton settle the accounts with him from Christmas last?—A. No never, except it might be a week or two I was out of town, and then Mr. Swinton gave it to me.

Q. You have given a large sum of money for this situation, what situation have you been in before this?—A. I have been a housekeeper to Mr. Swinton, not because I was obliged to do it.

Q. Who do you pay the rent to?—A. To Mr. Emden of Furnival's Inn.

Q. The prisoner went away from his business on the Tuesday and came again on the Wednesday?—A. Yes.

Q. At which time the officer took him, was Mr. Swinton there when the note was found?—A. Not exactly, he was as near as me.

Q. He had been in the room with the officer?—A. Yes.

Q. What time of the day was it?—A. I suppose about half past nine in the morning.

Q. Court. Had Mr. Swinton been in the room before the note was found in the hat?—*A.* No, I was the first person that went into the room when the officer came, Mr. Swinton was in the house at that time.

Mr. Gurney. Hall had left your house on the Tuesday night, at his usual time, he came again the next day and brought the note which you charge him with taking in his hat?—*A.* Yes.

John Weatherfield sworn. Examined by Mr. Alley. I am a sheriff's officer. On the 10th of June Mr. Swinton desired me to assist Kimber in taking the prisoner into custody; we apprehended him in Mr. Swinton's house in Salisbury-square.

Court. You say at Mr. Swinton's house?—*A.* That is where they sell the Daffy's elixir.

Mr. Alley. What part of the house was he in when you took him in custody?—*A.* He was in the front parlour.

Q. Who was in the front parlour besides you and Kimber and the prisoner?—*A.* Mr. Swinton and Mrs. Kerslake.

Q. Did you see him searched?—*A.* I did, there was a two pound bank note found in his hat, the hat was upon a box about two yards from where the prisoner sat, Mr. Swinton called me out of the room, and told me to search him closer, for he was sure he had not time enough to make away with it, he had not time enough to pass the note away.

Q. You have got a paper in your hand, is that the note you found in the hat?—*A.* It is.

Cross examined by Mr. Gurney.

Q. Who was it that fetched you on Tuesday evening?—*A.* Mr. Swinton came on the Tuesday, I was out, he came again on the Wednesday morning.

Q. You and Kimber proceeded to search the prisoner?—*A.* Yes, we found him in the parlour and Mr. Swinton, we searched him.

Q. I dare say when Kimber and you were searching him, you were very attentive to what you were about?—*A.* We were.

Q. And being attentive to what you were about, you did not keep your eye upon the hat?—*We did.*

Q. You went out of the room before you found the note in the hat; while you and Kimber were searching who was attending the hat? *A.* I did.

Q. You did not stand watching the hat as I stand watching my bag?—*A.* No.

Q. After he was searched Mr. Swinton took you out of the room, and said, I know he has not had time to pass it away?—*A.* Yes, and he said he suspected it was about the hat.

Q. And then he came with you; who was it that suggested first upon looking into the hat?—*A.* It was me, the hat was laying with the open part upwards, I searched the hat first of all between the hat

and the lining, then I saw the leather which is over the lining, I put my finger there and the note came out.

Q. It would not take long putting in there, you know?—A. I cannot say nothing about that.

Q. It was put snug there, so that it could not be perceived by the wearer?—A. It could not be perceived by any body.

William Kimber sworn. Examined by Mr. Gleed. Q. What are you?—A. I am a constable of the city of London.

Q. On the 10th of June were you called upon to attend at Mrs. Kerslake's house in Salisbury-square?—I do not know whose house it was, I went to No. 46, at the shop where Daffy's elixir is sold, I searched the prisoner and found nothing on him.

Q. At the time that you began searching the prisoner what persons were in the room?—A. Mr. Swinton, Mrs. Kerslake, Weatherfield, myself, and the servant maid; I was present when the hat was searched, I saw the note pulled out by Weatherfield; the same persons were present when the hat was searched: I took the prisoner to the Compter, I then went to the prisoner's house, 250, Bermondsey-street, Mr. Swinton, Mrs. Kerslake, and Weatherfield went with me, we searched his house, and in a room up stairs in a chest of drawers we found a silver table spoon, I presented the spoon to the lady, and afterwards I gave it to Weatherfield.

Q. (to Weatherfield,) Did you receive the spoon from the last witness?—A. I did, I produce it.

Prosecutrix. It is my spoon, we had a careless servant, she used my spoons in the kitchen in the common way, she notched the edge of it; and this is the note I received at Messrs. Fishers and Wells, I observe here is some casting up at the back of it.

Mr. Gurney. There is no mark on the spoon, there are no cyphers nor crest, you cannot swear to the spoon, because your cook stirred the pot with it, you are not the only person that has had a careless servant that used a spoon in that way. How long had you missed this spoon?—A. About three months.

Jury. We do not find any notch on the spoon.

Mr. Gurney. (to Kimber.) When you searched the prisoner you found a pocket book, have you got the pocket book?—A. I never had the pocket book in my possession.

Q. Upon your oath did not you give it to Mr. Swinton or to Mrs. Kerslake?—A. I cannot say.

ANTHONY DAFFY SWINTON sworn. Examined by Mr. Alley. Did you desire the constable to take up the hat?—A. I did not to my recollection, nor any body else in my hearing.

Q. Was there a note produced?—A. There was a note produced in the parlour; I do not recollect seeing it found; it was shewn to me after it was found.

Q. Upon your oath had you ever seen that note before it was produced to you by the constable?—A. I never had.

Mr. Gurney. When did this happen?—A. I am not quite perfect as to the day, it was on the 11th I believe.

Q. You had been in the house on the 10th?—A. I believe I had.

Q. Do you not know that you had?—A. I am not certain, I must have been there.

Q. I know you must have been there.—A. I had been there, because I went over the water with Mrs. Kerslake to the Borough.

Q. What time were you there?—I was there in the morning, at noon, and in the evening.

Q. And by accident you was there the next morning?—A. I was there expressly for the purpose the next morning.

Q. Then it was not by accident you were there the next morning?
A. No.

Q. I suppose you told the officer to search, and you and Mrs. Kerslake retired to another room?—A. I called them out, and told them to be particular in searching, for one grand reason, because I knew him to be a very artful man.

Q. When was it, Mr. Swinton, that you had the misfortune to become a bankrupt?—A. It was some time in March that the commission was issued.

Q. You were anxious to get the commission superseded?—A. I do not know whether I am obliged to give you an answer, if his lordship orders it I shall.

Court. Do you not know that Hall had given an unfavourable account of you on the 10th of June?—A. I knew it on the 11th when his house was searched.

Mr. Gurney. Perhaps you do not know that Mr. Hall had given any information of your concealing your property?—A. I did not at that time; I knew it on the 11th, I traced it by a letter to Mr. Hindman, and also a letter to the solicitor of the stamp office, wherein Mr. Hall had given information of Mrs. Kerslake selling medicines without stamps, whereas he had concealed these stamps.

Q. How long has this been Mrs. Kerslake's house?—A. I think she took it of Mrs. Steele, who was a tenant of mine.

Q. You have visited this young man in Newgate?—A. No.

Q. In the Compter then I suppose?—A. I did, twice.

Q. Now, Mr. Swinton, I ask you this question, attend to the question, and give a deliberate answer, did you upon either of the occasions upon your visiting him in the Compter, tell him that you would forbear prosecuting him, provided he would sign a paper tendered by you to him, respecting all that he had sworn, denying what he had sworn before the commissioners?—A. I never said any thing to him, he put the question to me, he asked me to forfeit my recognizance,

I said how can you expect that of me when you have acted so unjustifiable; I never did tender a paper to him, I sent my son with a paper for him to sign, but without any conditions annexed to it, my counsel has the paper at this moment, my son brought it back unsigned. (*A paper handed to the witness.*) That is the paper. (*The paper read in court, and two letters sent by the prisoner to the witness.*)

Q. Then you wanted this man to sign a paper that he had been guilty of perjury, without holding out any promise whatever?—A. I did.

Q. You told me that Mrs. Kerslake took this house last May twelvemonth, of Mrs. Steele, who was a tenant of your's, who paid the rent of that house?—A. The two last half years she has paid the rent to Mr. Emden of Furnival's-Inn.

Q. Do you mean to tell me, upon your oath, that Mrs. Kerslake has ever paid you any rent for that house, to you *bona fide* payment, aye or no? I am asking about the rent of that house she took of Mrs. Steele, whom you say was your tenant, while Mrs. Steele was your tenant she was to pay it to you; has Mrs. Kerslake paid you any rent?—A. No, she has paid it to Mr. Emden, who purchased the house of me, I did not wish it to be known, I disposed of it to Mr. Emden about two years ago.

Q. Did not you direct Weatherfield to search the hat?—A. I desired him to search his hat, his neckcloth, and every where else.

ANTHONY DAFFY SWINTON, JUNIOR, sworn. Examined by Mr. Gleed. Q. You are the son of Mr. Swinton, do you know the hand writing of Mr. Hall?—A. I have frequently wrote at the same table with him.

Q. Did you accompany your father to the Compter?—A. I did.

Q. Was the prisoner Hall there?—A. He was.

Q. Was any thing said by your father to induce Hall to make the communication, whatever it might be, that was made?—A. No.

Q. Was that communication, whatever it might be, afterwards reduced to writing?—A. It was, I heard the communication made by Hall, and what was reduced to writing was the communication made by Hall in my presence, as near as possible, word for word.

Q. Is this the paper?—It is, I took it to Mr. Hall, I asked him whether he would swear to the contents of this paper; he read it over and said he had no objection, except at the beginning something about Mrs. Kerslake, he said my father ought to come himself, and then he would have done it.

Cross examined by Mr. Gurney.

Q. Without any sort of promise made by your father, he opened his mouth and said all this?—A. No, he began crying when my father went in, and said how good a master he had been to him.

Q. You did not ask him to sign it?—A. No, I only asked him to

swear to it, I wanted him to write it down, I did not want him to copy that, but to write it out of his own head.

Q. He said he would swear to it if your father came?—A. Yes.

Q. You did not tell your father that he had refused to sign it?

A. No, I told my father if he would go he would do it. I never asked him to sign it, but to swear it when he had written it over.

Prisoner's Defence. My observation to that is, that it is all false. When I was in the Poultry Compter I wrote to Mr. Swinton, to come there, that was only to know from him what he had put me there for; at that time I never knew what it was for. On Tuesday morning Mrs. Kerslake had been out twice, once she went out to market, she put some money in a canvass bag, which Mr. Swinton bought for the purpose; during the whole time I settled the books with him, and she was put out of the way that she should not be subpoena'd; I said to Mrs. Kerslake, I do not think you have lost the two pound note, Mr. Swinton said, *no d——n her*, she has not lost the two pound note no more than you have; about half an hour after that he said, will you go up and look for *Dr. Brodum's day-book*? he said you had better take off your coat, you will dirty it; I thought he was making fun of me, it was an old coat, I would not; I was going up, he said stop till my son Anthony comes in; then he sent me down to fill some bottles with *Dr. Brodum's medicines*, when Mr. Swinton said I might go home early that evening if I liked, as he had some gentlemen coming there, consequently I went home about six o'clock that evening; the next morning I went in at the back gates (there is a communication made backwards to convey the goods from one house to the other, neither is the business at this time Mrs. Kerslake's no more than it is mine;) Mrs. Kerslake keeps false books to shew the commissioners, which she has shewed me; when I went in the morning I laid my hat down, he (Swinton) said, Mr. Hall you had better go down and fill some *nervous*; before I had done that, he said to me, have you written out those false accounts to give the assignees, I said I have not, he said will you be so good as to write them out now. I made half a dozen pens out of some quills, I said to Mrs. Kerslake will you have the goodness now to let me have the writings to copy, she said I should have them presently, she walked out again, I sat down for about twenty minutes or half an hour, she came to the door herself with two constables, she says there is your prisoner, I give you charge of him; they searched me, and while I took off my coat Mr. Swinton tapped the officer on the shoulder, took him out in the passage and came back again, he says where is your pocket book, I gave them the pocket book, they took out a paper containing an account of what I had received and paid, after that he tapped the man on the shoulder again, and took him out, and when he came in he said where is your hat, I said that is my hat, with that he took

hold of my hat, takes out a paper, he says this is it, and took and gave it to her, he then asked Mrs. Kerslake what the note was.

Robert Cross sworn. Examined by Mr. Gurney. Q. Were you in the Compter at the time this young man was there?—A. Yes.

Q. What are you?—I am a gentleman's servant, I have the care of Mr. William Wells, an insane proctor of Doctors'-commons.

Q. You say you was in the Compter at the same time that Mr. Hall was there, do you remember Mr. Anthony Daffy Swinton coming there?—A. I do on the 12th of June, I heard him say if he would sign a paper on his bankruptcy, he would not come against him, he then treated the prisoners with two gallons of porter, I was one among the rest; he gave the turnkey seven shillings, and what remained out of that he gave the prisoner at the bar; I saw Mr. Swinton there more than four times.

VERDICT, NOT GUILTY.

Upon the evidence of Hall, as well as in consequence of some extraordinary discoveries made by the commissioners themselves, he was in the beginning of the year 1806, committed to Newgate. To justify his accounts he produced a ledger apparently dirtied by use, and containing *prima facie* a fair and correct statement of his receipts and disbursements for a preceding year. On being attentively examined, however, it appeared that the water-mark was of a date two years subsequent to that of which it contained the entries.

After about a year's probation in Newgate, he returned for a while to his usual avocations. A short period only had elapsed before the clamour of his new creditors obliged him to take refuge in the Fleet; where he now remains; while the dispensation of Dr. Brodum's nervous, and his own elixir is confided to Anthony Daffy Swinton, jun. and Mrs. Kerslake.

And here we must leave him. The present attack on so respectable a member of their fraternity, will no doubt excite the indignation of his brethren: we are informed that they have already determined amongst themselves that the writers of the *SCOURGE* are a set of stipendiary curates, and starving undertakers: burning with revenge for the diminution of their fees, and re-

solved by one grand and spirited attack to arrest the progress of these murderers of death: through whose blessed exertions every coffin-maker is a bankrupt, and the burial service has been rendered a dead letter. But to whatever dangers or calumnies the execution of the arduous duty in which we are engaged may necessarily expose us, we are armed with more powerful resources of defence than even the preservative lozenges of SENATE; and we can only reply to their insinuations by a fervent prayer, that with whatever other misfortunes providence shall afflict us, we may at least be preserved from the experiments of quackery.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

THE retainers of literature have long been remarkable for the laxity of their morals, and the irregularity of their habits; every unfortunate scribbler who is able, after a fortnight's study to manufacture a Lloftian sonnet, or whose assumption of a Roman name has procured him admittance to the columns of a weekly newspaper, conceives himself at once emancipated from those restraints of decorum, and morality which circumscribe the ideas of the common orders of mankind, and launches out into all the extravagances of profligate indecency. To palliate the wickedness, or excuse the folly of such a man it is only necessary that he should be an author: the morbid sensibility of genius, the enthusiasm of a vivid imagination superior to the grovelling cautiousness of petty minds, and the generous indignation of conscious superiority glowing with shame for the guilt, and pity for the weakness of human nature, but willing to drown its own reflections in the cup of pleasure, are the forms of verbal sophism by which the advocate of every literary profligate, from Savage to Dermody, has endeavoured

to efface the outlines of distinction between vice and virtue. Actions that would have deserved in any other man the epithets of mean, and infamous ; and modes of external deportment which would have been stigmatised as indecent and detestable, are, when related of a Burns or a Morland, ascribed to an exuberance of virtuous feeling, or accompanied with a slight memento of consolation, " that the eccentricities of the object of their biography, were the eccentricities of genius." The cant of critical sensibility is not only of all others the most disgusting but the most dangerous : it teaches the young aspirant after fame that the portrait of a man of genius never appears so amiably interesting as when arrayed in the drapery of vice, and it impresses the sons of mediocrity with an involuntary persuasion that libertinism is one of the characteristics of intellectual greatness, and that the fervour of literary enthusiasm, is always accompanied by the warmth of sensual passion, and the inconstancy of mental restlessness.

Of the numberless dependants on the press who crowd the taverns, and distract the opinions of this metropolis, how few are there who have any care beyond the moment of immediate pleasure ! who have any rule of abstinence from licentious enjoyment but the scantiness of their pecuniary resources ! The dollar that has been gained on the Saturday morning by the prostitution of their talents, is squandered in the evening in gratifications that habit has rendered necessary to their existence, but that the anxieties of mental contest between prudence and inclination will not permit them to enjoy. The life of those who make literature their profession is in general a continued struggle between want and temptation ; between the dictates of reason, and the allurements of habit. Their first errors are the result of romantic ambition : as they proceed in the career of licentiousness they learn to be in love with vice for her own attractions, and when experience has shewn them the folly of their ambition, and the miseries that attend

in the train of dissipation ; it is no longer in their power to recede :

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice ;
Though conscience checks yet these rubs once gone o'er,
He glides on smoothly, and looks back no more.

DRYDEN.

We contemplate the professional industry of Leigh Hunt, therefore, with feelings of unmixed and sympathising pleasure. It is gratifying to witness the successful progress of a young man, who has the good sense to provide in the days of youthful activity for an old age of independence, and to prefer the tranquil happiness of domestic life to the illusory gratifications that tempt his periodical rivals from the only path that ultimately leads to excellence or felicity. It is by patient industry alone that mediocrity can become respectable, or genius attain its natural elevation ; and many a veteran rhymster, or essayist, who has in the course of a checquered life been the idol of convivial clubs, the paragon of theatrical loungers, and the favourite protector of the Corinnas of the last century, remains to testify the common-place, though neglected truth, that without habits of industry the professional man of letters will, from his entrance to his exit on the stage of life, be a victim of misery, and the object of contempt. But it does not follow that every personage whose judgment and acquisitions, when accompanied with indefatigable industry, are equal to the composition of a dramatic essay, and the manufacture of a weekly journal, should be the most important of human beings, the first politician of the age, the prince of connoisseurs, and the very paragon of metaphysical philosophers. We are not aware that there is any passage in Mr. Hunt's writings by which the ghost of Aristotle must necessarily be disturbed, or that future ages will be likely to mistake for the worst production of Johnson or Burke ; it is not within our knowledge that professor

Stewart has been confined to his room since the appearance of the Examiner's philosophical analyses of tragedy: the newspapers have not informed us (as they doubtless would if they had been able) that he has been elected an honorary associate of the dilletanti: nor can we hope that our children's children shall kneel in humble adoration before the statue of Hunt the saviour of his country!

It is impossible, however, to read a page of his writings without perceiving that he thinks himself a man of superlative ability and importance, and that every sentence of his productions is written with a firm persuasion that to produce any thing more witty or more eloquent is above the faculties of man. So outrageous a coxcomb has only once appeared, in the person of Horace Twiss, a writer to whom he is as far inferior in natural endowments, as in scholastic acquisition.

That a man so gifted as the editor of the *Monthly Mirror*, should lend himself to the indulgence of Mr. Hunt's propensity to egotism, may be more properly ascribed to the eagerness of this self-biographer than to the goodnature of his friend. *Some people* (to use Mr. Dubois's phraseology) will mistake a compliment for any thing but what it is: the truth seems to have been, that the author of *My Pocket-Book*, partly in joke, and partly for the sake of trying how far the Examiner's vanity would lead him, asked him if he had ever thought of having his portrait in the *Mirror*; Hunt of course takes fire at the proposal, sends an express for Jackson, and as soon as his portrait is finished, sits down and writes six closely printed pages of delectable foppery, dated with all the pomposity of a ministerial bulletin, from the Examiner office, and transmits it to the unfortunate editor, who is either obliged to insert it or break a promise, that with all his knowledge of Mr. H. he could not have suspected he should ever be called upon to perform.

Of the narrative thus introduced there are many parts which would excite in less indulgent critics than us, the

most severe animadversion. But we have no business with the private character, the individual misfortunes, or the family connections of any man, but as the introduction of these subjects is necessary to the developement of his public character and conduct. We shall say nothing therefore of the Methodist clergyman who solicited subscriptions for his *Juvenilia*, or of the other circumstances that attended upon his literary *debut*, but shall relate the particulars of his life as he chuses them to be known.

His parents, he informs us, were the Reverend J. Hunt, at that time tutor in the Duke of Chandos's family, and Mary daughter of Stephen Shewell, merchant of Philadelphia, whose sister is the lady of Mr. President West. At seven he was admitted into the grammar school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained till fifteen, and "received a good foundation in the Greek and Latin languages." On his departure from school a collection of verses, consisting of some school exercises, and of some larger pieces, written during the first part of 1800*, was published that year under the title of *Juvenilia*. Of his verses he acknowledges that they were written with sufficient imitative enthusiasm, but that was all; "he had read Gray, and he must write something like Gray; he admired Collins, and he must write something like Collins; he adored Spencer, and he must write a long allegorical poem, filled with *ne's*, *whiloms*, and personifications like Spencer." We thank him for so just an estimate of his own verses, it will save us some trouble; only we might observe, that instead of being something like, they are nothing like any thing in the poets he enumerates. "After spending some time in the gloomiest of all darkness palpable, a lawyer's office, it came into his way to commence theatrical critic in the News." In

* If our memory do not deceive us the principal poems in this collection had been previously published in the *Juvenile Preceptor*.

1805, an amiable nobleman, then high in *office*, procured him an humble situation in a government office. This office in January 1809, he *voluntarily* gave up, principally from certain hints, futile enough in themselves, but sufficiently annoying respecting the feelings of the higher orders, who could not contemplate with any pleasure a new paper called the Examiner, which in concert with one of his brothers he had commenced the year before.

To this history of his own life he applies the epithet "egregious," and no one will dispute its justice who has read in the original publication this model of egotistic affectation. But even from his own account, what claims to public attention does he possess above the vulgar herd of contemporary journalists? He has not, like a Bloomfield or a Chatterton, surmounted the difficulties of an unpropitious education, nor displayed any unusual manifestations of intellectual precocity. There are hundreds of literary men below the age of twenty-six, who amuse the politicians of this metropolis with amusing and instructive essays; but Mr. Hunt is the only one who takes it for granted, that without his lucubrations the world of weekly readers could no longer exist, and that the ability to write common grammar, after being nine years at school, is an extraordinary proof of superior genius. Of his claims as a dramatic critic we shall have occasion to speak more fully in our future observations on the theatre; but it may at least be hinted, that he who makes dramatic criticism his trade ought not to be much below mediocrity. Yet if we are not mistaken, the *theatricals* of Bell's Weekly Messenger, a paper that bestows only a cursory attention on the drama, would place all Mr. Hunt's powers of emulative imitation at defiance. They are not written with the pomposity of display that characterises every effusion of the Examiner, but they combine all the excellencies that we ought to expect in those productions on which the latter founds his pretensions to public admiration: they are evidently the composition of a writer who unites to

acuteness of discrimination, delicacy of taste and sensibility of feeling, an expressive felicity of diction that neither reminds you of Johnson on stilts, nor of Cumberland in fetters. Yet we do not hear the writer of these criticisms come forward with his advertisements of new works "by the dramatic critic of the Messenger," nor has he yet ventured to tell us what seminary had the honor of his education, or what was thought of him by the "higher orders of society." Let us point out another example of that modesty, which if it be decorous in a man of extraordinary talents and acquirements, is absolutely requisite in a man of acquisitions so trifling, and talents so moderate as those of the Reflector. Mr. Theodore Hook was, we believe, a writer for the stage, when he had just entered his teens : Tekeli was produced when he wanted nearly four years of his majority ; he is now a younger man by three or four years than the editor of the Examiner, and his late productions have rather increased than diminished his reputation. As a dramatist, he has been enviably successful ; in colloquial wit, and in the power of extemporaneous composition, in fact in every talent, and every acquisition that can contribute to social delight, he is and will always be unrivalled. Nor are his abilities confined to the lighter effusions of the mind, his *Man of Sorrow*, though deformed by many faults of haste and negligence, contains some examples of the pathetic more exquisitely beautiful than any thing that occurs to our remembrance, in the prose writings of the country. Yet of this gentleman, so eminently gifted, so universally courted, and so publicly applauded, there is scarcely a single anecdote on record : *he* does not appear every day in some pompous advertisement, or some friendly journal with his *I's*, and his *me's*, his prittle prattle about "my brother," and his "*few words* about my essays:" the frequenters of the theatre, though they admire his genius, are yet, we believe, perfectly ignorant at what school he received his education ; nor does he exhilarate the company that is gladdened by his pre-

sence with long stories of "my correspondence with the attorney-general," or repeated fetches at a little flattery on the subject of "my last week's quiz of the Morning Post."

We offer these few hints with a real wish that they may be serviceable. He whom nature has adapted exclusively for the drudgery of a weekly paper, should be warned against those wanderings of a disturbed imagination that might lead him from the path of humble security. Hypochondriasm has evidently disordered Mr. Hunt's faculties, but a gentle flogging may so far restore him to his senses, that he shall no longer mistake his Sunday gig for the chariot of Apollo, nor the hack that trundles him along for a harnessed Pegasus.

But even the coxcombry of such a man is rather an object of ridicule with his friends, than of resentment with the public: nor should we have devoted any portion of our work to the castigation of harmless vanity, and inactive vapouring; but Mr. Hunt is a persevering though humble writer, in a cause, which nothing could have rendered contemptible but the labours of its advocates. From week to week, and from year to year, does this ruthless murderer of time and reason persist in abusing Mr. Perceval, to show his ardour for reform; and in stigmatising the conscientious opponents of innovation as traitors and ideots, to display his talents for political discussion. It is by this mode of argumentation that the cause of moderate reform has been rendered unsuccessful: that part of the community which judges from appearances, naturally conclude that the measures must be bad of which the defenders substitute scurrility for argument; and the majority of our representatives are withheld by prudence from yielding to the storm of factious violence, and by a sense of personal and collective dignity from complying with wishes so indecorously expressed, and so injudiciously supported.

There is nothing indeed, in the style or matter of Mr. Hunt's compositions, that entitles them to distinction

above the myriads of pamphlets that the facility of scurrilous declamation, has tempted the BATHOS of the time to send into the world. In the annual series of the Examiner there may be as much original information as in a single page of the Edinburgh Review; what a tolerable writer would express in a sentence, Mr. Hunt contrives with miraculous dexterity to diffuse through half a dozen closely printed columns. His want of original invention is supplied by the employment of common-place epithets of abuse, and by a continual indulgence in complaints, which have been echoed from one writer to another since the time of Wilkes. For the purpose, however, of giving a more portly form to the substance of his weekly papers, the Reflector seems to have been established; and as the manner in which it is written, and the principles that it avows, are admirably characteristic not only of the individual, but of the school to which he professes himself a disciple, we are not entirely without hope that the subsequent observations may have some tendency to check the affected cant, the obtrusive vanity, and the vulgar indecency which deform the most popular journals on that side of the question which they are intended to support.

In his advertisement Mr. Hunt informs us, that his magazine "is not obtruded on the public with any regard to the passing prejudices of the day, but with an eye to the opinion of posterity;" and in a passage of his prospectus he expresses his regret that "a whole nation, which has been called thinking, should gradually have lost the habit of looking out upon the times at large, because it has been occupied with a thousand petty squabbles and interests."

Now it is sufficiently curious that the greater part of the Reflector is devoted to personal abuse and temporary discussion: the expedition to Walcheren is the foundation of a long tirade on the incapacity of ministers; the jubilee is introduced merely that it may be ridiculed as the most farcical of farces; we are then told,

for the sake of a lame antithesis, that in the debates of last session, Sir Francis Burdett spoke truth, and Mr. Whitbread spoke daggers; and this attempt at figurative eloquence, is succeeded by an assurance that Europe cannot be saved by a joke however exquisite: not even by the Percival administration. The quaintness of the pun by which the Percival administration is called an *exquisite joke*, may not be admired by every one; but this specimen of wit is in the true style of Huntian vivacity, and was no doubt received with many a significant shrug, and congratulatory grin by the little senate that had assembled to witness its delivery.

Mr. Hunt begins his political lucubrations by a declamation in the most approved style on the ideocy of Pitt, and the dangers of corruption. These are topics which it might have been supposed so great a writer would not have condescended to discuss; nor do his parodies of Flower, or his plagiarisms from Roscoe, atone by the skill with which they are strung together, for the disappointment of finding that we are paying six shillings for what is already in our possession. "The money system (says the Reflector,) pursued by Mr. Pitt, and his unphilosophic school, aimed all at once a deadly blow at the spirit of public opinion." Yet the very reasoners who call Mr. Pitt unphilosophical, because he thought the establishment of a regular system of finance absolutely necessary to the prosecution of warlike measures, and to the safety of the country, are eager to urge the pressure of the taxes, and the necessity of husbanding our pecuniary resources, as decisive arguments in favour of reform. In a similar spirit of consistency the policy of Mr. Pitt is called money-wasting, and immediately after that great statesman is denominated a counting-house politician. We shall not deny that it is possible to be at the same time penurious and extravagant, but the Reflector has not anticipated the charge of inconsistency, by an observation of this kind: he justly thought that to abuse Mr. Pitt was necessary to the character of a

second rate reformer, and in his hurry to substantiate his pretensions he has displayed a bold contempt of reason or consistency.

He is in the next place extremely witty on "the strange doctrine that statesmen cannot foresee;" the Pittites are held up to ridicule by this facetious gentleman, who writes only "for posterity," because they did not assume any pretensions to the gift of prophecy. But he is not content with the praise of wit, he must likewise aspire to the dignity of a philosopher; and that no one may overlook the important passage that is to furnish the reader with materials for a life of meditation, he has taken the necessary precaution of printing it in italics. The suggestion that "a renewed youth in the English constitution was necessary to oppose the renewed youth of our military neighbour," either means that a revolution was necessary to England, because there had been a revolution in France, or it means nothing. But we are not yet prepared to surrender the bulwark of our safety even to the metaphors of the Examiner, striking as they are. The youth of regenerated France was a youth of impiety, cruelty, and lust, deformed by guilt and besotted by intemperance: let those who admire the splendor of her infamy, recommend her example to the imitation of their country!

But the grand position that the essay seems intended to impress on the minds of its readers is this, that from the beginning of Mr. Pitt's administration to the present moment, "no work of talent has been written to support his school." It has been the invariable custom of the opposition and Burdettite parties to assume to themselves all the literary talent of the nation; but we do not remember any assertion on the subject so bold and unsupported as that of the Reflector. The youth of Mr. Hunt, and the multifariousness of his pursuits may be reasonable excuses for his unacquaintance with literature; but he ought to have been conscious of his deficiencies, and should not have exposed his ignorance gratuitously.

On looking over the volumes of the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Hunt will discover to his great surprise that a person named Burke did about the beginning of the war, produce certain works in favour of the Pittite system, which even the reforming critics of the day allowed to be written with some degree of "talent." One Matthias too, the author of a poem entitled the *Pursuits of Literature*, though he might not be the best of all possible versifiers, was thought by many of his political opponents to be a writer capable of dignifying any cause in which he should be engaged. If Mr. Hunt has not before heard of these two writers, it would only distract him to enumerate the men of "talent," forming, we believe, a decided majority of the literary world, who have emulated their enthusiasm in the cause of "social order and regulated freedom." We recommend him to read the *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*, or the *Pursuits of Literature*, and put a bridle on his tongue.

Admitting for a moment that the best acknowledged wits, poets, and philosophers are ranged on the side of the oppositionists, or independents, in what manner does it affect the cause to which Mr. Hunt is so laboriously hostile? We should pay too high a compliment to the world of letters, by supposing that the majority of its ablest members are always to be found on the side of political truth and patriotic virtue. The combatants in party discussion are neither saints nor prophets, and the number or ability of those who range themselves under the banners of a particular faction, are no more to be regarded as proofs that the cause they have espoused is a right one than the armies of Bonaparte are to be considered as indicative of his claims to European veneration. By ascribing the comparative inferiority of Mr. Pitt's advocates to that minister's neglect of the liberal arts, the *Reflector* has reduced himself to the embarrassing necessity of admitting that the tribe of political writers will always enlist themselves in the service of that party which offers them the most liberal pecuniary encourage-

ment. Yet even the influence of patronage is denied in the observation "that the worst things Mr. Cobbet ever wrote were during his Pittite opinions," a sentence which implies that the inferiority of the ministerial writers was not owing to Mr. Pitt's "neglect of the liberal arts," but to the nature of the cause in which they were engaged. If we admit that the greatest display of party talents has always been on the side of the opposition, Mr. Hunt has afforded a just though unwary explanation of a fact that he avowedly ascribes to the pride and obstinacy of those whom he calls with peculiar modesty the "wretched men in power." The *ex* party, supposing that there be an equipoise of talents and numbers will always be able to assume a more imposing display of literary excellence than the party in office. They have more copious materials for declamation, and more frequent opportunities of satirical invective, or declamatory eloquence. The ministry of 1759, afforded the wits and orators of opposition as many subjects of pamphleteering attack, as "the lawyer-like junto of the present day." The measures of those in power must in general be defended on a few plain and simple grounds, unsusceptible of declamatory support, and affording no occasion to introduce the discussion of incidental questions. Supposing that it were the duty of a ministerial writer to defend the financial statements of his patron, the public would demand that he should confine himself to the simple task of calculation; but the pamphleteer who answered his production would probably forsake the principal topic of discussion to enter into a detailed exposure of ministerial ignorance and incapacity; to contrast their qualifications as statesmen with those of his own employers, and to lament the miserable situation to which our country had been reduced by a long series of unfortunate measures. The advocate of ministers in defending them against attacks of this kind, has no power of recrimination; the public disclaims any concern with the private conduct or character of the opposition

members; and in their public capacity they only can be guilty of errors as a body. The ministers stand aloof from their supporters, and bear individually the weight of the odium that may attach to the acts of a parliamentary majority, but whatever errors may be committed by the minority, are only punished with collective blame. Nor were it in the power of a ministerial writer to retort upon his adversaries, would his satire or his irony be received with popular encouragement. It is the characteristic of the English people that they ascribe every misery with which they are afflicted to their rulers; whoever rails against *them* is sure of a favourable audience; the burthen of taxes, the corruption of public men, the protraction of an unsuccessful war, and all the evils that have afflicted the other nations of the earth, or may afflict ourselves, are detailed as the proper subjects of present complaint: the drunkard spends his sixpence at a taphouse, and then goes home to scold his wife, and curse the profusion of ministers; the clerk concludes the labours of the day by hastening to his friends at the Goose and Gridiron, who have assembled to raise a subscription for Wardle, and drink confusion to the income tax.

Since the death of Mr. Pitt, it has been the unwearied endeavour of our factious scribblers, to load his memory with reproach, and his measures with execration. After their success in persuading the uninstructed part of the community that Mr. Pitt was the author of all our miseries, real and imaginary, they found it easy to divert the popular clamour from its original object, to those who are supposed to persevere in his system of politics. Pittism and corruption are now the standing topics of weekly declamation; a sly hit at the "pilot who weathered the storm," will supply, for a whole summer, the melancholy absence of truth and argument: the necessity of reform is satisfactorily demonstrated by railing against "the counting-house politician," and England is clearly proved to be on the brink of ruin, because

the act of habeas corpus was suspended fifteen years ago. If you chance to express your dissatisfaction with this mode of reasoning, you are greeted with the appellation of a Pittite, and are set down as one of those "infamous writers," who because they are infamous, must necessarily be the enemies of the modest and amiable Reflector.

We shall not deny that Mr. Pitt and his successors have displayed a uniform and impolitic indifference to the services of their literary advocates. To confute would be more magnanimous than to punish, and had the liberality of the present administration been equal to their claims on public support, though Cobbett might not have been the inmate of a prison, his Register and himself would have long since declined into humble insignificance.

But we are too well acquainted with Mr. Hunt not to be aware that his praise of the anti-ministerial writers intended to include an indirect compliment to himself.

He expected no doubt that more than a trifling share of that praise which he has bestowed on the opponents of the Pittite system would be granted to the Reflector; from a still more extended examination, therefore, of this wonderful performance we may probably discover in what the perfection of party writing is supposed by the enlightened to consist.

And first it appears that a party writer should abound in observations which cannot be disputed by the most obstinate incredulity, and which are no sooner enunciated than they meet with intuitive concurrence. The reader who finds so much that is unquestionably true will naturally take the *dictum* of so intelligent a writer on points of a nature more abstruse or equivocal. In this mode of obtaining our confidence the Reflector is peculiarly felicitous. At the very outset of his work, he is pleased to assure us that "nations like individuals have their distinct characters, and acquire them in the same way from education and habit;" a few pages after-

wards we are informed that "some countries gradually lose the whole of their character, others lose but a part of it, and some retain it altogether;" a long article entitled "on the spirit necessary for a young artist" is written, to prove that we "should not acquire riches by wrong means;" he has not proceeded much further before he stops to intimate that "ancient history is little more than a tissue of warlike transactions, only varied by the changes in dominion, &c." a succeeding paragraph communicates the important truth that "the more property, and the larger share the comforts of life are accumulated in a community, the greater are its inducements for preserving tranquillity." Mr. H.'s criticism on the arts begins with a declaration that in consequence of rivalry, &c. "professors, though of course best informed on the subject, are not the best qualified in other respects to criticise their living brethren: and the retrospect of the drama introduces us to the unexpected knowledge that all our writers for the stage are not alike ignorant." If the reader be desirous for a few more specimens of this delectable style of composition, let him look at any six lines of the work from which we have collected the preceding beauties.

The next qualification of a party writer is egotism, but on this part of Mr. Hunt's character we have been adequately copious.

A prominent feature of every work that pretends to circulation among the anti-ministerialists, is indecency of language. Opprobrious epithets are at once indicative of independence and enthusiasm; they demonstrate that the writer who employs them is above the weakness of ancient prejudices, and is not to be restrained from the expression of any idea that occurs to his imagination, by a foolish reverence for personal virtue, or official dignity. This vehemence of scurrility will be still more becoming, if it proceed from a writer who has just arrived at the years of nominal discretion, and its effect will be considerably increased by the affectation of

astonishment at the want of verbal decorum in his political opponents: in this department too of political *essayism*, we can conscientiously recommend Mr. Hunt as a model of imitation. In the pages of the Reflector Mr. Pitt is first called a "*perverse statesman*," then a "*petty and improvident statesman*;" and lastly (for the sake of antithetical climax) a "*most wretched statesman*:" on various other occasions he is called an empty orator, and his successors are designated by the elegant appellations of title-mongers, sturdy defenders of corruption, memorialisers, the sons of absolute dullness and dull trickery, &c. &c. &c. Yet he talks of men who call reform revolution, and corruption the constitution, and think that they have done their work.

There are certain unvaried topics of Burdettite declamation, which Mr. Hunt has judiciously introduced, attended by their usual train of epithets and exclamations, into every page of his magazine. To present a complete index to his catalogue of political grievances would trespass on our limits; but those who are in the habit of reading the Examiner may have some idea of the changes that are rung, on the usual catchwords of his party. It is all intolerance, imbecility, and corruption; corruption, intolerance, and imbecility; imbecility, corruption, and intolerance. These are the sounds by which this literary sorcerer intends to charm the ears of posterity! We hope that his *ars musica*, will not be mistaken for *bumfiddle*.

But we beg pardon of our readers for dwelling so long on the political writings of a man, whose highest efforts in this department of his professional duty, are so far below mediocrity. His claims to connoisseurship are generally understood: no man can think of him as a critic on the fine arts without mingled feelings of risibility and astonishment: on actual perusal, however, his dulness is more than equal to his absurdity, and we shall therefore leave his plagiarisms from Peter Pindar, and Landseer's Review, to be detected by those

who admire the original remarks with which they are interspersed.

The only specimen of his maturer poetry that he has selected for our admiration is more original in its subject than its measure. This strange composition is a translation from Catullus, and Mr. Hunt assures us that the verse which he has used is not a capricious, or eccentric one, but is exactly the same with

"As near Porto-Bello lying, on the gently swelling flood."

But what might be appropriate in a ballad is not equally adapted for elevated composition, and the long verses are concatenated with shorter ones. Even the former are inaccurately described, and here we shall offer our assistance.

"With flinty knife he gave to earth, the weights that stamp virility."

HUNT.

Q. "Come here, my boy, and tell me if, you can make a rhyme for PORRINGER,

Ans. "The Queen of England had a cat, and she gave the Prince of Orange her."

SCRIBLERUS.

His style is languidly correct, and quaintly pointless. He never snatches a grace beyond the reach of art; there is not throughout his works a single passage to which his warmest admirers could recur, for the felicity of its expression, the harmony of its modulation, or the beauty of its figurative embellishment. Yet it is apparent that every sentence of his works is the product of long and laborious manufacture. His pages abound in the most fantastical inversions of phraseology, and all his periods are *eked out* with epithets that remind us of Swift's dissertation on fustian. The quaintness of his manner has been mistaken by some of those kind friends who are always to be found about a printing-office, for humour; we are glad of the delusion, they will escape

the tortures that we have endured, on a perusal of the Reflector, and may render their patron ridiculous without any compunctious visitings of taste.

In the preceding observations we have been influenced by no feelings of personal dislike; the deliberative vanity and obtrusive impertinence of Mr. Hunt have long demanded the utmost severity of critical castigation; but as we have not entirely abandoned the hope of his ultimate amendment, we have endeavoured on this first occasion to exercise the virtue of forbearance. Let him take the warning we have given, and return to his weekly avocations. A link-boy may be suffered to light us from the theatre; but Mr. Hunt, if he wishes to be received as an inoffensive companion on one morning of the week, must hasten to lay aside the disguise of a *quarterly* philosopher.

REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON,

S. S. (Sinner Saved.)

Author of the Bank of Faith.

FOR a poor and graceless scribbler to feel some degree of envy at the "plenteous fatness" of Mr. Huntington's purse, and the "enrichment of his loins," is so extremely natural, that it would be vain for the writer of this humble article to disclaim the influence of such a feeling. The race that write have long wished for a bank of any kind, as much as the race that speculate have wished for a bank like Mr. Huntington's, of which the payments would be in gold, and not in paper. If authors have not the bank, however, they have generally faith—faith in their own talents,—faith in the praises of their friends,—and faith in the kindness of posterity: we hope that this faith is somewhat different from that which has been placed in the Blox-

ams and the Brickwoods, though experience has shewn that the writers for immortality are as little acquainted with futurity as the labourers for gain.

On a further acquaintance with the reverend gentleman's writings, our antipathy has been converted into gratitude; whatever may be the other faults of Mr. H. selfishness at least cannot be imputed to him. The arts by which he has himself grown rich, he kindly communicates to others: he teaches the poor how to support themselves without labour, and the destitute how to beg without soliciting alms.

But to authors in particular, his lucubrations are invaluable; henceforward let no man dread the fate of Chatterton, or imitate the bootless exploits of Mr. Pratt. Mr. Gilliland may learn in the Bank of Faith how to dine on a Christmas goose, without making love to Mrs. Clarke's waiting-maid, and Mr. Taylor to establish a new seraglio, without the aid of authoritative circulars. We are not without hope indeed that the period is fast approaching when a man of genius may possibly be seen disguised in a tolerable coat, when a poet shall dine at Stevens's Hotel, and a philosopher ride in his barouche. These are dreams which any one of the literary tribe may realize at the trifling expence of truth and honesty, and religion: and surely no one will be deterred from pursuing their high destiny, by scruples which a Haweis has defied, and a Huntington overcome.

The vicissitudes of Mr. Huntington's life are more numerous than extraordinary. That he was originally an errand-boy, and that he has exercised in succession the various trades of gardener, shoemaker, cobbler, grinder of gunpowder, coalheaver, and methodist parson, will not excite any astonishment in those who have watched the progress of gospel preachers in general. At some future opportunity we shall present our readers with the life of a man, who after having travelled from the age of seventeen to that of fifty as a cyropedist, or corn-cutter, was metamorphosed, without any preparation, into the

spiritual physician of the most populous neighbourhood within the sound of Bow bell. Ignorance is the first recommendation to the favour of a methodist society. A scholar *may be* able to expound the scriptures, but in that there is nothing wonderful : it is only when an ignorant unlettered clown ascends the pulpit, and demonstrates his acquaintance with all the mysteries of the christian doctrine, that the minds of the brethren are lifted up with amazement and joy. The tailor who forsakes his shop-board to ascend the tub of itinerant methodism, is a character as much superior to the cassocked vicar, and the emined prelate, as spiritual knowledge is more valuable than that which is carnal. The alumnus of a college derives his acquaintance with the Bible from the instruction of his tutors, but he who understands the sacred text without having been taught his A B C, *must* be gifted with celestial inspiration! It is in the isolated anecdotes which Mr. Huntington has related of himself that the character of methodism is most strikingly exemplified. With much of the cunning that always enters into the composition of a modern apostle, his vanity preponderates over his discretion, and that he may excite our admiration as a ward of Providence, he is eager to incur our hatred as a child of iniquity.

The leading feature of methodism, is the blasphemous familiarity of expression with which its votaries are accustomed to treat the most sacred truths, and the most awful subjects. They introduce the name of their Creator with as much levity and frequency, as that of any domestic animal : the language of scripture is applied to the most trivial occasions of common life : and heaven and hell, the Lord of the Universe, and the Saviour of Mankind, are called to witness the goodness of a ham, and the cheapness of a blanket! Connected with this irreverence of expression, is the introduction of the Almighty, as actually influencing the minutest actions, the most unimportant thoughts of the believing methodist—a pair of boots cannot be worn at the heel,

nor a potatoe burst before it is "*enough*," without the immediate intervention of Omnipotence. Of both these classes of impiety, the Bank of Faith affords the most strange and numerous instances. Mr. H. informs us, "that at the age of seven he had a great desire to live in the capacity of an errand boy, with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and it came into his mind that if all things were possible with God, it was also possible for him to send him to live as a servant boy with 'squire Cooke, though at the same time he had a boy who was to his belief approved of." He therefore betakes himself to prayer: Providence hears his request, and causes John Dungy to be guilty of stealing oysters, for no other purpose than that Billy Hunt may succeed him. His family is an hungered, and he finds a partridge. His master tells him that two males had been fighting, and killed each other, but Mr. Huntington doubts not that this battle was proclaimed by the Lord, and tells us, that if a sparrow falls not to the ground without God's leave, as the scriptures declare, he can hardly think a partridge does. He is in want of "a new suit of clothes, his *old black ones* being almost worn out; he often begged this favour of God, agreeably to his own word. If God so clothe the grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith." His prayers succeed, and he "returns home in his second suit of parsonic attire;" and "tells his audience that God had sent him a new suit of clothes." Before this suit is worn out, a gentleman "desires him to call at his house, where he had ordered his tailor to measure him for" new habiliments. He again quotes scripture, "weeps for joy at the goodness of his God," and is led to see that "God took care to *order* apparel for him as well as for Aaron and his sons." On one occasion he "beseeches the Lord not to send any other person to ask alms of him, until his bountiful hand has supplied his own wants." At another time the nurse comes to tell his wife that there is no tea in the

house; his wife replies in the abundance of her faith, "set the kettle on." To this Ann Webb, a "daughter" in the spirit, makes answer, "you have no tea, nor can you get any." His wife again replied, "*set on the kettle.*" She did so, and before it boiled, a woman with whom at that time they had no acquaintance, came to the door, and told the nurse "that she had brought some tea, as a present" for Mrs. Huntington. Thus, (exclaims her husband) "thus God, who shewed Moses a stick to sweeten the waters of Marah, sent a little tea to bitter the water in my dame's kettle." He at last arrives at the climax of profaneness, and assures us that he found by "daily experience, (what of course he did not believe before) that he could not add one cubit to God's stature."

In the premeditated compositions of the brethren, there will naturally be less of that impiety than in their daily conversation, or extempore discourses. We are acquainted with a methodist lady who cannot rise from an easy-chair without calling on the *crucified Jesus* to assist her; and a reverend gentleman, with whom a shower of rain brought us into contact a few days ago, thought proper to edify us with a spiritual parody on one of those medical advertisements which are so benevolently exposed to view in every corner of this metropolis. It is impossible to enter a methodist chapel, without being equally astonished and disgusted at the obtrusive expressions of religious fervor, which proceed from the lips and lungs, if not from the bosoms of the auditors: the same ostentation of superior sanctity that appears in these effusions of hypocrisy, is the original source of their affected familiarity with the attributes of their Creator, and the language of his word. It never occurs to these people, that true piety is modest and unobtrusive—absorbed in religious feeling, or reposing in the tranquil serenity of conscious hope, it retires from the gaze of multitudes, to enjoy in secret the raptures of communion with its Creator, or if the duties of common life call it forth to public observation, it appears not with the

countenance of sanctimonious hypocrisy, but of cheerful dignity, and calm benevolence. But the methodists are not merely irreverent and ostentatious; they not only suppose that the Almighty interferes on the most trivial occasions, and proclaim at every opportunity the share of his favor that they deservedly enjoy, but they represent their Creator as always in their power: as to be deluded by promises, and wearied by importunities. When he prays for his suit of parsonic attire, he is, as he assures us, "taught the necessity of importunity." Whenever he finds that his prayers are unsuccessful, he very cavalierly leaves them off, till providence is obliged to come to, and accede to his requests. At one time, "seeing no immediate signs of his livery coming," he "begins to omit praying for it;" but "meeting with a poor man, who complained that he could not attend the word of God, for want of apparel, it drove him again to pray for his new suit of clothes, that he might give his old ones to him." When his wife is about to lyë-in, he instructs her to pray for child-bed-linen, and not to leave off till she gets it; and he finally assures us, that "he uses his prayers as gunners use their swivels, turning them every way, as the various cases require."

From the two positions that the methodists are the favorites of heaven, and that the Almighty may be wearied or cajoled by his favorites into a compliance with any wish however sinful and extravagant, it naturally results that all exertion on their part to provide for the necessaries of life, is perfectly gratuitous. Though practical experience may teach them that labour is necessary to subsistence, the position maintained in Mr. Huntington's book, and the ground-work of every methodist's belief is this:—that there is no bodily comfort or enjoyment which will not be granted to their prayers. It naturally follows, therefore, that to be industrious is to display a want of confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of God. Accordingly, when Mr. Huntington was yet in the prime of youth, he was "brought to live

by the faith of providence for a supply of all his wants ;' being disappointed in his trade of shoe-making, he gives away his "kit of tools to a poor cobbler who lived in the same place with him, and throws himself entirely on the propitious arms of kind providence." He even contracts debts, and leaves the payment of them to providence. "Soon after this, (says he) I was obliged to borrow a guinea of a certain friend, which I promised to pay him on the Thursday night following, if he would call for it, and I begged of God to send it me from some quarter or other, firmly believing that he would." A day or two afterwards "I again besought God to send it if it was his will and pleasure, of which I had no more doubt than of my own existence. However I returned home without it, and wondering how it could be," &c. &c. His establishment as a metropolitan preacher is equally illustrative of the methodistical character.

"When I laid the foundation of the chapel I was twenty pounds in debt for the necessities of life ; and when I had finished it I was in arrears 1000l. more ; so that I had plenty of work for faith, if I could but get plenty of faith to work : and while some deny a providence, providence was the only resource I had. I had forty-seven pounds per annum ground-rent, and almost fifty pounds per annum for interest, a large chapel, and a small congregation ; and those who lent me the money a poor, industrious people, and weak in faith, being but young in the ways of God ; and there were plenty of hypocrites in Zion to tell them that all who had a hand in that chapel would burn their fingers. If God sends Moses and Aaron to preach, Satan sends Jannes and Jambres to oppose : and if Zerubbabel and Joshua begin to build, Sanballat and Tobia are raised up to discourage them."

To contract debts without any apparent possibility of discharging them would in any man but a methodist, be an act of the most profligate dishonesty, but in a "sinner saved" it is the most satisfactory proof of grace and righteousness. Mr. Huntington's merits are considerably enhanced in the estimation of the brethren by his having levied his contributions on the poor and the industrious. Had he borrowed from the rich, he might

have seemed to distrust the bounteous watchfulness of providence, who leaveth the rich to provide for themselves, but feedeth the hungry and cloatheth the naked, whether they be ruined by the frauds of Mr. Huntington, or the villainies of any other Arminian chapel-builder. Nor is the passage less strikingly indicative of that free and easy familiarity with which the most sacred subjects are exclusively introduced by those who have purchased reversions in the land of souls, than our author's justice, self-denial, and benevolence.

It is impossible to conceive a system of religious persuasion more destructive of moral restraint and social feeling, than that which Mr. Huntington so vehemently enforces, and in which his followers so stubbornly confide. If the teacher be thus ready to transgress the bounds of prudence and honesty, what must we think of his disciples! Let the principles of methodism be once admitted, and any man whose imagination has been inflamed by tippling at the ale-house, may rush forth to levy contributions on his friends at the expence of providence; to refrain from any indulgence would be sinful, inasmuch as we have an Almighty banker, whose treasury is inexhaustible: the pauper who has obtained a shilling, may as well spend it in a few glasses of two-penny, since he is sure of another for his dinner; and to raise subscriptions for the purposes of charity, is a work of supererogation, because that providence who "feedeth the young ravens, and cloatheth the lillies of the field," will not forget the children of the faithful.

Indeed as Mr. Huntington himself was a favorite of providence at the early age of seven years, and could not at that time be one of the dear people called methodists, there is some hope that a little of the attention of providence may be vouchsafed even to those who have never attended at a tabernacle, or listened to an itinerant parson. If this important truth can once be established, farewell to taxes, and tythes, and poor's-rates! The supplies may then be raised by the ministry

of providence; in his bounty the clergy may put their trust; and from him the poor may, without the intermeddling of man, derive their sustenance.

To such a train of blasphemous absurdity do the tenets and practice of methodism inevitably lead! But it is not the least remarkable feature of Mr. Huntington's work, that nearly all the petitions which it records are for temporal and carnal enjoyments. He intimates, it is true, that the wrestlings of providence with his soul are reserved for a more important publication; but he seems to have been so actively employed in praying for clothes and money, as not to leave much time for thinking of spirituals. He is always asking his "Lord and Master" for a black coat, a new pair of breeches, a cow, a five pound note, or for something else that may increase his wealth, improve his appearance, or gratify his appetite. As a proof of his carnal-mindedness, and a specimen of his general manner, let us take the story of the BREECHES and of the TWO ENDS.

"Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my breeches out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse my mentioning the word breeches, which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture obtruded into my mind, just as I had resolved in my own thoughts not to mention this kind providence of God. 'And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach. And they shall be upon Aaron and upon his sons when they come into the tabernacle of the congregation, or when they come near unto the altar to minister in the holy place; that they bear not iniquity and die. It shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed after him,' Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which, and three others, namely, Ezek. xlv. 18; Lev. vi. 10; and Lev. xvi. 4; I saw that it was no crime to mention the word breeches, nor the way in which God sent them to me; Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by providence; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut. And I believe the same God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in the following history.

"I often made very free in my prayers with my invaluable Master for this favour; but he still kept me so amazingly poor that I could not get them at any rate. At last I was determined to go to a friend

of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair; and to get him to trust me until my master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them, as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold there was a pair of leather breeches with a note in them! the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:

SIR,

"I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them; and, if they want any alteration, leave in a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them."

J. S.

"I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them: at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches-maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect:

SIR,

"I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my Master had bespoke them of you. They fit very well, which fully convinces me that the same God, who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut; because he perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years. When you are in trouble, Sir, I hope you will tell my Master of this, and what you have done for me, and he will repay you with honour."

"This is as near as I am able to relate it; and I added,

"I cannot make out I. S. unless I put I for Israelite indeed, and S for sincerity; because you did not sound a trumpet before you as the hypocrites do.

"About that time twelvemonth I got another pair of breeches in the same extraordinary manner, without my ever being measured for them."

THE TWO ENDS.

"After this the bountiful hand of my Lord seemed to be closed again for a long time; until I got five guineas in debt, and began to want even provisions. Now I began to fret, and unbelief crept in apace; but, just as the spirit of murmuring and complaining began to operate, there came a letter to me from a gentleman at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire. I opened it, and found the following contents:

DEAR FRIEND,

"I have sent you a hamper by one of my ships, which will be at London by such a time, if God permit : and I have ordered it to be left at Hungerford stairs for you. The first present is for your wife, which is two ends ; the other is for your children ; being a cow, and her milk-maid attending her ; a cow being very useful where there is a family : the last article, according to my judgment, is a very useful thing for you, and for every gospel minister. Tender my best respects to your wife and little ones, and accept the same from

Your humble servant, J. D."

"Here is the riddle, and I had seven days to find it out. My dame asked me if my present was a Bible. I said no, I believed not. I told her that Paul called a gospel-minister an ox ; "thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen, or saith he it altogether for our sakes ? For our sakes, no doubt, this is written." Thus, said I, God compares a preacher to an ox. Treading out the corn, is unfolding and explaining God's word ; muzzling the ox, is not giving him food to eat for his labour, as Paul explains it, "even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," 1 Cor. ix. 11. I further added, that the same apostle, who compares the preacher to an ox, tells us, in his epistle to the church at Colosse, to let our speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that we may know how we ought to answer every man, Col. iv. 6. Therefore I conjectured that my present was a bullock's tongue, well salted : and that my wife's, which the letter expressed to be two ends, must be a flitch of bacon cut in two pieces ; but, as for the cow, I could not conjecture what that could be. When the hamper came we all got round it, to see what was the substance of the riddle in the carcase of the lion ; and, when it was opened, I found that my present was a bullock's tongue dried ; my dame's was two large pieces of bacon ; and the children's present was a cheese, with the print of a cow and milk maid milking her on it. Such was the present, and this was the explanation of the riddle."

Like all other methodists Mr. Huntington believes that he is not only the favourite of providence on his own account, but to the exclusion of others. Most of the good things that he receives are sent him at the expence of his master, or his neighbours.

"As I went over a bridge that led to my work, I cast my eye on the right hand side, and there lay a very large eel on the mud by the river side, apparently dead. I caught hold of it, and soon found

it was only asleep. With difficulty I got it safe out of the mud upon the grass, and then carried it home. My little one was very fond of it, and it richly supplied all her wants that day. But at night I was informed the eel was all gone, so the next day afforded me the same distress and trouble as the preceding day had done. When going to my work, cruelly reflecting on myself for parting with all my money, just as I entered the garden gates I saw a partridge lie dead on the walk. I took it up, and found it warm; so I carried it home, and it richly supplied the table of our little one that day."

The interpositions of providence are indeed so frequent and so *apropos*, there are so many accounts of sixpences laying on the ground, merely that this favourite of heaven may pick them up, of presents received from strangers just when they were wanted; of breeches fitting without measure, and of chapels erected without money, that the common reader is lost in doubt whether to condemn the author as a liar, or adore him as a saint. Those who are inclined to consider him in the latter of these characters may probably be anxious to know something more of his person and adventures than we have yet detailed. To us, however, his removals from one chapel to another, from Horsham to Thames Ditton, from Thames Ditton to Richmond, from Richmond to London, and from Margaret-street to Tottenham-court-road, are not so peculiarly interesting, as to excite us to record them very minutely. The only circumstances unconnected with changes of that kind are the death of his first good dame, and his subsequent marriage with Lady Sanderson, the daughter of that Mr. Skinner of whom Peter Pindar observes,

"That with a hammer, and a conscience clear,
He—"gain'd glory, and ten thousand pounds a year."

Indeed the erection and garniture of Providence Chapel were accomplished by means that sufficiently testify his interest with the pious sisterhood. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon "furnished him with a tea chest *well stored*, and a set of china." His "good friends Mr. and Mrs. Smith furnished him with a very handsome bed, bedstead, and

all its furniture and necessaries, that he might not be under the necessity of walking home in the cold winter nights: a daughter of his in the faith gave him a looking glass for his chapel study." Nor is he ashamed of receiving these, or any other favours, justly observing that it is better to beg than steal, but forgetting that it is better to do neither.

The chapel that had been built and furnished so miraculously, and which had been called in the plentitude of exultation Providence chapel, was burnt down a few months ago. We have not heard by what application of scripture language the faithful are prepared to account for the misfortune.

If the reader wishes to be amused with the other providences that attended him, his curiosity will be amply gratified by a reference to his works. He may there be told of his joy at the timely death of his child in a convulsion fit, of the victuals that he received from the deceased husband of "Ann Webb, a servant to Mr. Linsey, a tallow-chandler in Lambeth-marsh, on the right hand side of the road which leads from Westminster-bridge to Clapham;" of his living eight years on the purse of providence, of him and his family "subsisting for a week on twenty pence, or two shillings, without contracting any debt, and without being able, on reflection at the week's end, to tell how they had been supported;" of the dream that sent him to Mr. Munday, of Kingston, to borrow five pounds, and of his eldest daughter "looking him in the face with much earnestness and solemnity, and asking him this important question, *is the boo all boppee, daddy,*" which her *daddy* sagely expounds by "*is the butter all gone, father?*" with other anecdotes equally true, and equally interesting.

A friend of ours to whom the public has been indebted for a zealous and persevering contest with methodistical literature, and whose sentiments, if we may judge from the warm approbation of his writings expressed by Dr. Parr, are in perfect coincidence with those of the intel-

ligent members of the established church took occasion a few weeks ago to transmit to the *Weekly Register*, the report of an extempore sermon delivered by the curate of Fulham. The observations by which this report was preceded, as much as any supposed incorrectness in the report itself, produced an angry letter to the *Morning Herald*, preceded by the most furious denunciations of legal vengeance. Now we should be glad to know whether Mr. Owen can swear himself, or procure any other person to swear that he did not utter the words ascribed to him. If he wished to avoid misrepresentation he should not have preached extemporaneously.

But a clergyman who is seduced by indolence or vanity to imitate the example of this person, not only endangers his personal reputation, but as far as his individual influence extends, the very existence of that church of which he enjoys the revenues, and ought to discharge the duties. The same reasoning that would justify the habit of extempore preaching, might be advanced to defend the practice of unpremeditated prayer; and the framers of our liturgy in providing against any excuse for the one, sufficiently testified their disapprobation of the other.

At a time when the church is exposed to every form of danger from the open violence and secret machinations of its enemies, it is the duty of every clergyman to refrain from even the most distant appearance of assimilation to the licenced blasphemers who fulminate their denunciations of damnation, from the pulpits of the methodist conventicles: we are glad that Mr. Owen has been taught to feel that the church of Fulham is attended by auditors of a different description from those who crowd the chapels of Mr. Huntington, and who prefer the rational religion that has descended from our forefathers, to the blind enthusiasm of a superstition, that mistakes the "delirium of unlawful pleasure for the raptures of celestial love!"

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri ;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes*.

OPERA HOUSE.—We had hoped that the issue of the late disturbances at Covent Garden would have taught every man in the situation of Mr. Taylor, that though a British public may be cajoled into improvident liberality, it can never be bullied into a silent acquiescence in any infringement on its rights. But Mr. Taylor is too obstinate to profit by experience, or too violent to try what persuasion will effect, before he proceeds to complaints of injustice, and denunciations of revenge. Had he displayed the least sense of what was becoming in the situation that he holds, or due to his subscribers, those demands might have been acceded to without enquiry, which are now the ground-work of an investigation that can only lead to his disgrace. If there be any line of conduct that can extricate him from the situation into which he has been hurried by his own audacity, it is that of *unconditional submission*.

Immediately previous to the opening of the season, Mr. Taylor thought proper to inform the subscribers, that for the last three years the balance of the expences against the receipts had been more than 3000*l.* per annum, and that unless the subscriptions were raised from 280 to 360 guineas, the concern must be ruined. In one part of this circular he had the hardihood to introduce the following observations.

“ It will beside, and of necessity be an explicit regulation, and indeed condition of the future subscription, that if after a company, or list of performers by name, has been submitted to the nobility and gentry, upon which they may be induced to rent boxes, any of such subscribers shall at any time (by themselves, or by other persons introduced into the theatre by means of their tickets) attempt to excite any tumult or disturbance *publicly* in the Theatre, by calling for other performers in addition to those whose names had been previously announced as actually engaged, thereby exposing to peril the lives of the company present, as well as the existence of the property itself, as occurred last winter ; the subscription tickets of such subscribers, and all rights of admission into the Theatre, under the same, shall from that moment become forfeited, and void ; and likewise that no subscription tickets to boxes shall be entitled to admission into the pit, at the public door, where money is usually taken, and where improper practices have actually prevailed ; but that the

subscribers shall be entitled as formerly to the privilege of passing and repassing at their pleasure from the boxes to the pit, by the interior doors on either side, adjoining to the orchestra, and at which doors also, subscribers may introduce their friends into the pit, besides the *privilege* of being present at all rehearsals on the Stage. Regulations become absolutely necessary to controul practices of so ruinous a tendency, both in regard to the sale of subscription tickets nightly for the pit, and the introduction of improper company to that part of the theatre. Regulations too of infinite consequence to the comfort of the subscribers themselves, by preserving the decorum of the pit, and the company in it, so immediately under their own almost unavoidable observation. But from such regulations all the royal family will of course be exempt."

In this most eloquent production, Mr. Taylor openly accuses his subscribers of ungentlemanly practices at the pit door; of wantonly destroying the property of the theatre, and being the instruments of introduction to improper company. Now, when it is considered that the man who thus presumes to insult and vilify the nobility and gentry of the country, who addresses them collectively in language that if applied individually would entail upon its author the wholesome chastisement of a sound caning, has been indebted for what little respectability he possesses to the patronage of his subscribers, and is now dependant on their indulgence for his extrication from those embarrassments into which he has been plunged by his own presumption and perverseness; our readers will agree with us that the impolicy of such an address can only be equalled by its impudence. It is not usual for those who throw themselves on our generosity, to accompany their petitions with arbitrary stipulations and impertinent abuse. The stipulation in particular by which the subscribers are condemned to silence, on pain of forfeiting their subscription, could only have been proposed by a manager so ignorant and headstrong, to be entrusted with a concern too important and extensive as the Opera. But supposing that a claim of this kind was perfectly equitable, in what manner could it be enforced, without rendering the manager the sole and mighty judge of the thoughts and actions of the subscribers? It is plain that any one of them would be able to make a noise, or excite a tumult under any fictitious pretence, while his real meaning should be universally understood. A combination might be formed to procure the return of Deshayes, under the ostensible motive of dissatisfaction with the scenery. It may likewise be asked, who are to be the judges of the ringleaders, at what precise point does tumult begin, and what course would the manager pursue if the wishes of any subscriber were to be carried into execution by the nightly visitors of the pit? But Mr. Taylor may reply that he trusts to the honour of the sub-

scribers for the performance of such a contract. He must mean then that he trusts to the honour of persons whom he accuses of improper practices at the pit door, and of a mean, if it be mean, unauthorised traffic in connection with the music shops. And this is the consistent, able, and injured manager, whose services are indispensable to the welfare of the establishment, and whose modesty has hitherto deterred him from obtruding even on the *justice* of the nobility and gentry, to whom he has displayed such unequivocal proofs of respect and gratitude !

But it was not sufficient that the subscribers should be privately insulted, Mr. Taylor was resolved that his "noble daring" should meet the gaze of public admiration. He accordingly steps forth in all the magnificence of managerial majesty, and in a strain of irony that would do credit to a May-day monarch, proceeds to ridicule the vulgarity and dishonesty of the motley mob, of lordly Noodles and honourable Doodles who presume to dispute his "most potent" will, and to circumscribe his royal resources of profusion.

THE OPERA.—"The meeting of the Opera Subscribers announced for this day at two o'clock, at the Thatched-house, to take into consideration a letter from Mr. Taylor to the late subscribers, is necessarily postponed to Monday next, in consequence of the *important discussions in Parliament* this day ; and as it has occurred that without the executive power, no proxies can be taken upon a division, ladies are earnestly requested to attend in *propria personæ*, it being very important to have a full meeting ; and, if possible, a great majority, upon the most material resolution to be proposed, which is, That whatever increased expences the undertakers of the Opera may be put to, by public calls and tumults at the theatre, for additional performers, or otherwise, or whatever losses they may have heretofore incurred, or may be hereafter exposed to in carrying on operas, the subscribers claim it as their right, as their very downright birth-right, with or without strait heads of hair, to pay whatever they please for their boxes, if their pleasure should be nothing at all, which is so just and reasonable in itself, that it is expected to be carried nem. con.

"N. B. And in order to counteract the effects of this wet and foggy weather upon delicate constitutions, plenty of hot punch, purl and pipes of tobacco, will be provided, and for which the company will have to pay at the doors as they go in, one shilling per head."

Of this advertisement it is difficult to determine whether the dullness or the folly is most predominant. The ironical intimation that the importance of the discussion in parliament would prevent the subscribers from attending on Thursday, either means that the subscribers were a set of low men without property, fortune, or character, who could have no pretensions to a seat in either house of

parliament, or it means nothing. We leave Mr. Taylor to chuse between the charge of malice and stupidity. The gallantry too of this gentleman is not less remarkable than his modesty and his wit, he invites the ladies to attend in *propria personæ* (*exquisite scholar!*) and then, to show that he has other indulgences in store besides that of canvassing his conduct, communicates to them the important information that their ladyships may be entertained with gin and purl at one shilling a head! If the world of fashion will tamely submit to an insult such as this; if our young nobility will bear for a moment that their sisters shall be degraded to a level with the lowest drabs that parade the alleys of Soho, that their mothers shall be represented as fish-wives, and the habits of drovers and link boys be ascribed to themselves by a licenced mountebank, we may then applaud Mr. Taylor for his knowledge of mankind, as much as we now despise him for his fatuity, and detest him for his indecency.

If any thing could aggravate that contempt and aversion which the other parts of his conduct have excited, it would be the pitiful attempt at wit in the introduction of an abortive jest, on the melancholy circumstances that have lately become the subject of parliamentary discussion. This is the first time, we believe, that the distress of a great nation at the melancholy indisposition of its sovereign has been selected as the subject of burlesque in a newspaper advertisement by the manager of a playhouse.

So general is the resentment of the female subscribers that not more than three or four ladies of fashionable celebrity have been attracted to the boxes even by the allurements of Signora Bertinotti Radicati. Of this lady's qualifications as an actress and a singer, it cannot be expected that we should enter into a very minute examination, after having merely witnessed her *debut*. She is the only singer on the Italian stage who appears to be conscious that the first excellence of vocal music is to delight; if she do not astonish by the grandeur of her intonation she swells the soul to extacy by its pathos. The rage of unrequited passion, and the sonorous grandiloquence of injured majesty or disdainful pride, are peculiarly adapted to the powers of Catalani; in scenes of tenderness, and of feminine distress; in passages of which the pathos should melt us into tears, rather than the sublimity awake us to admiration, Signora Bertinotti as far surpasses Catalani, as Catalani excels the other actresses and songstresses of the day.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The month was ushered in by the revival of Mr. Dimond's *Hero of the North*, under the new title of *Gustavus Vasa*. Notwithstanding the interest excited by the arrival of Count Götterp, the splendour of the dresses and the beauty of the scenery, it was endured for a few nights, and then consigned to irretrievable oblivion. That it deserves its fate no man who is acquainted with Mr.

Dimond's former changelings, will entertain even a momentary doubt. The plot of the original *Gustavus Vasa*, (written by Mr. Brooke, the author of the *Fool of Quality*.) was condemned by the critics for its want of interest, and Mr. Dimond therefore protracted its length, and curtailed the only scene on which its interest depends—its diction was declamatory and he attempts to correct it by inflation; its moral was equivocal, and this pious, and loyal, young gentleman, whose abilities are just equal to the composition of an old maid's prayer, or the regimental orders of the West London Militia, most religiously and patriotically leaves out the moral altogether. Mr. Dimond may by a skilful workman, be polished into some faint degree of brilliance, but it is in vain that we look at present for a scintillation of the feeblest splendour, among the heaps of dross that burthen the shelves of a Dramatic Library. To *Gustavus Vasa*, succeeded *X. Y. Z.* of which the performance was suspended before we had an opportunity of seeing it. The next object of attention therefore is the Pantomime. In witnessing a spectacle of this kind we may plead the privilege of the season for some relaxation from the gravity of criticism, and for some indulgence in honest merriment and vacant admiration. It is not expected that while we are applauding the agility of Bologna, and the contortions of Grimaldi, we should ask ourselves for what reason we are delighted, and whether our good humour be not irrational.

LYCEUM.—The press of more important matter has left us no room to notice that disgraceful farrago of vulgarity and dullness, entitled *Transformation*, or *Love and Law*; but the character of Mr. Skeffington's production is of a nature somewhat superior, and it is worthy therefore of a remark or two.

The Count Alzaro is enamoured of the Princess Altemira, (Mrs Edwin) the daughter of the king of Sicily and of course a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. Her father refuses his consent to the nuptials, the lady falls sick, and the sternness of parental severity relents. He agrees that his daughter shall be united to Alzaro, if that nobleman is so fortunate as to demonstrate the sincerity and purity of his passion, by a successful victory over the temptations to infidelity to which he shall be exposed. A report therefore is circulated of the death of the princess, and her funeral is celebrated with due formality. To try the constancy of Alzaro, a Black Slave, whose name we have forgot personated by Mr. Raymond, imposes on his credulity as a Magician, and promises to raise another Altemira, equally fair, and equally worthy of his love, if he will swear to accept her as the partner of his fate. He swears.—Now it happens that Lorentina likewise, a lady of rank, is enamoured of Alzaro; while she in her turn is adored by the Count Valmonio, the friend of Alzaro.

The first scene is a subterraneous cavern. Alzaro, and his servant Mandrillo are discovered, the one expressing his fears, and th

other his impatience. At length the Magician arrives; the due incantations are performed, and a New Altemira under the name of Aurora, receives the vows of the faithful Alzaro. It would be useless to describe the scenes as they successively occur, suffice it to intimate that Lorentina persuades Alzaro that Aurora is an impostor—that the Black in order to give another testimony of his power, raises to his view the shade of Altemira, that when he conjures her to inform him whether he ought to be happy with Aurora, she tells him to *consult his heart*. The effect of these three words is magical, he rejects Aurora, and resolves to devote the remainder of his days to the remembrance of his “buried love.” His constancy thus surmounts its trial; the princess resumes her rank, Alzaro is rewarded with the possession of her to whom he had proved himself so nobly faithful, and if we mistake not Valmonio is rewarded with the hand of Lorentina.

The beauties of the piece are few, and its faults innumerable. The passion of Alzaro degenerates into fatuity; at the very opening of the play we are convinced that Aurora is the same with Altemira, and were not this anticipation unavoidable, we should still wait without impatience for the fate of a lover who in possessing another Altemira, appears to enjoy the most earnest wish of his heart.

The diction at one time grovels on the earth and at another rises into the clouds. But the principal fault of the piece is one of which Mr. Skeffington himself cannot be suspected, we mean vulgarity; indeed all the merriment of the piece is dependent on a servant whose father “a man that threw light on every branch of literature, was a tallow-chandler,” and who has a mortal hatred to darkness because he was born on an illumination night.” The overture is pretty, and the scenery beautiful.

December 29th, 1810.

TABLE I.
A List of Quack Medicines, with their Effects, &c.

Name.	Composition.	Advertised effects, and diseases in which it is recommended as infallible.	Real effects, or effects of imprudent administration.	Sale price, inclusive of stamp.	Per	Prime cost exclusive of stamp and bottle.
1 Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead.	Tincture of Cantharides in Brandy.	Sexual Debility, Nervous Disorders, &c.	Furor Uterinus. Strangury, and Madness.	L. S. D. 0 10 6	Bottle.	L. S. D. 0 1 1
2 Gowland's Lotion.	<i>Dickinson's</i> Solution of Corrosive Sublimated in Almond Milk. Vincent's the same with an addition of Sal Ammoniac.	Diseases of the Skin, Scorbatic Eruptions.	Madness.	0 8 6	Quart.	0 0 2
3 Walker's Jesuit's Drops.	Saffron, Oil of Sassafras, Gum Guaiacum, Salt of Tartar, Balsam of Copaiva, and Spirits of Wine.	Certain Complaints.	Aggravation of the Disease.	0 2 9	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bottle.	0 1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 Whitehead's Essence of Mustard.	Tincture of Camphor, and Mustard, in Oil of Turpentine.	Lumbago, Rheumatism, &c.	Not unserviceable.	0 2 9	4 oz. bottle.	0 0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 Godbold's Vegetable Balsam.	Oxymel of Squills.	Consumption.	Protraction of Pain.	1 1 0	Pint.	0 1 3
6 Essence of Coltsfoot.	Paregoric Elixer. Not containing a particle of Coltsfoot.	Coughs, and Consumptions.	The same with the Paregoric Elixer of the shops.	0 2 9	1 oz. bottle.	0 0 4 $\frac{1}{2}$





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